

# JAN BUCQUY

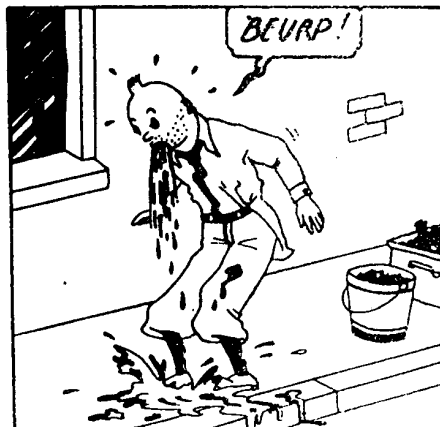
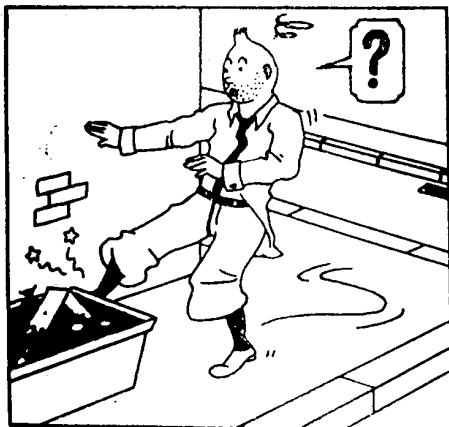
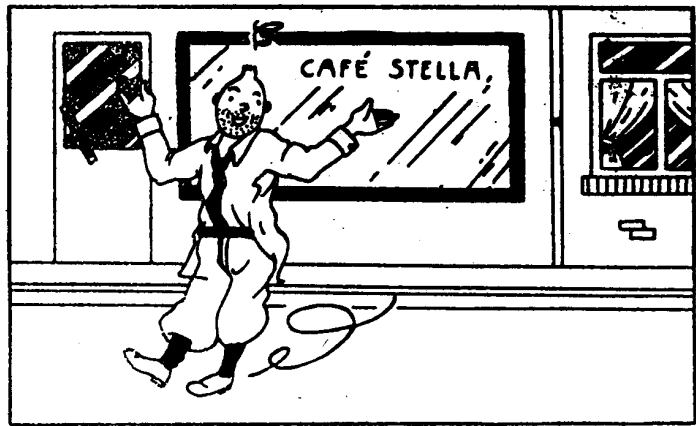
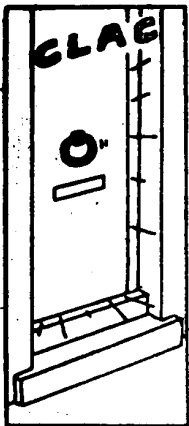
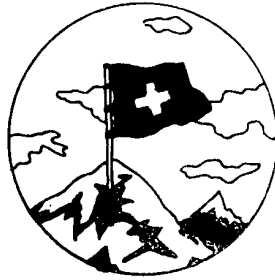


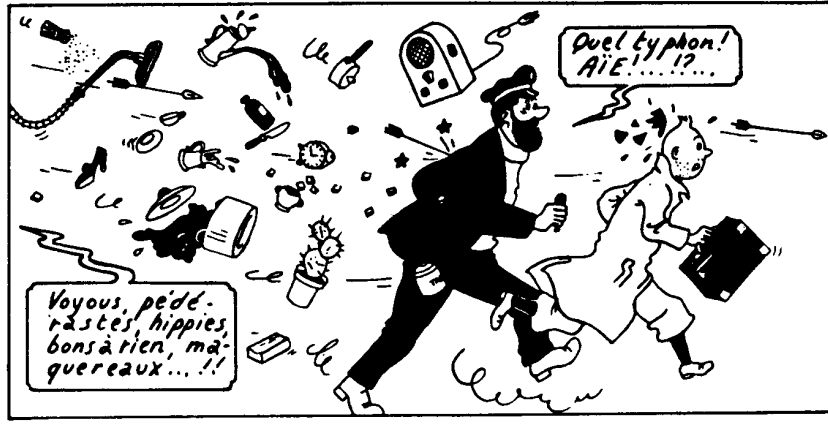
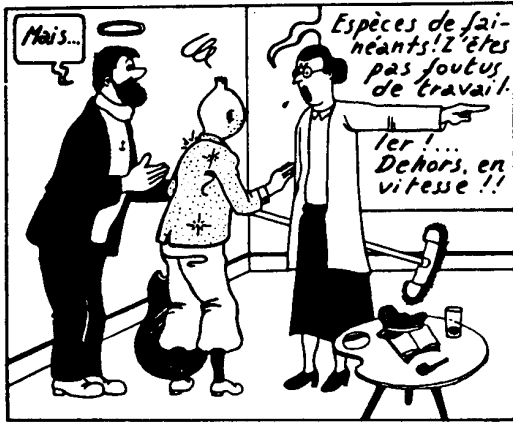
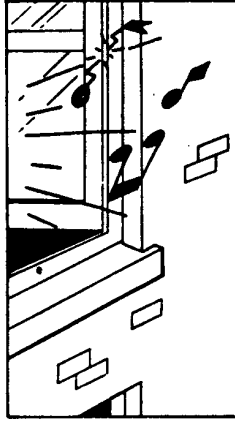
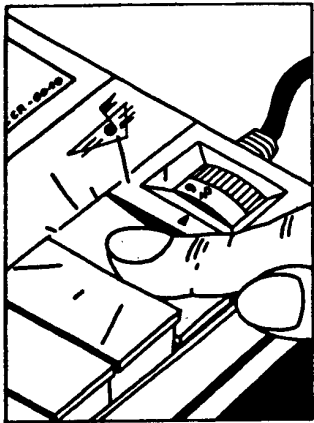
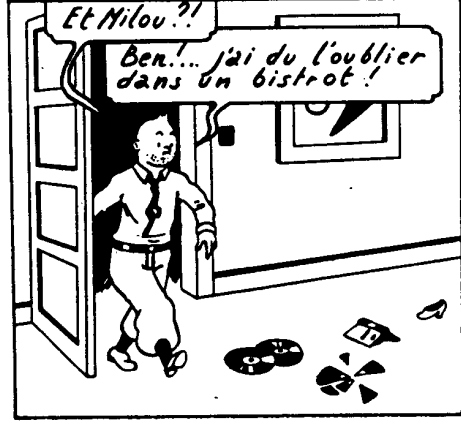
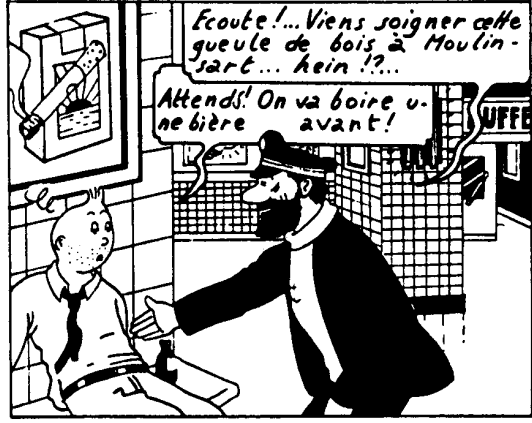
HORS-SERIE N° 3 - 295 FB - 60 FF

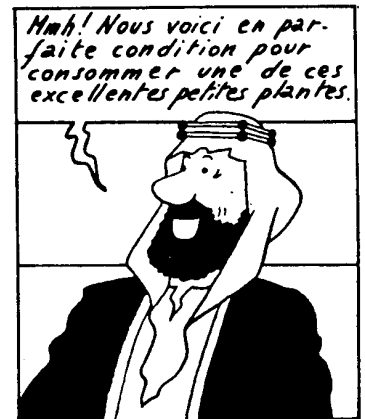
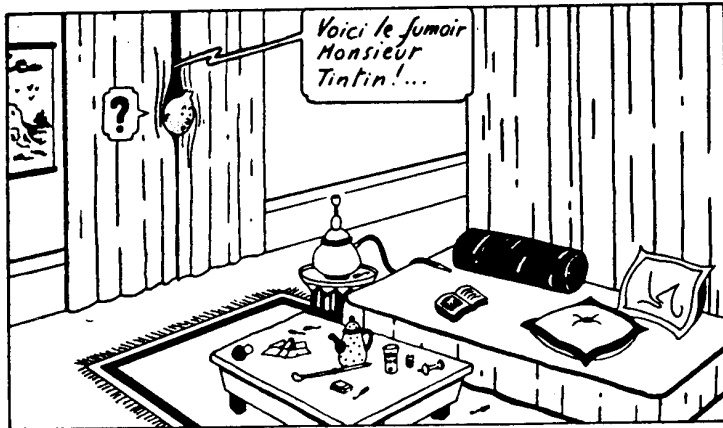
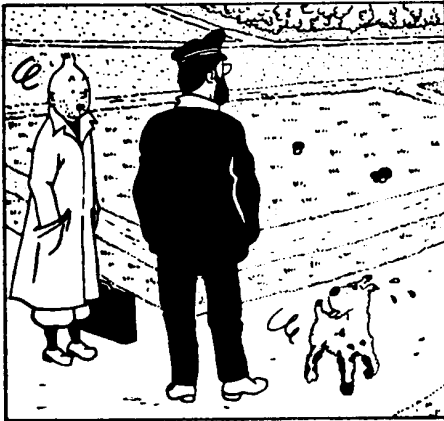
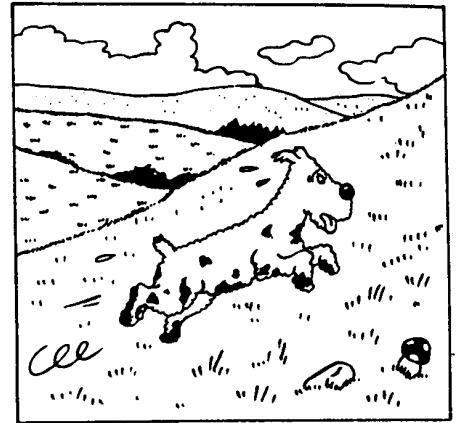
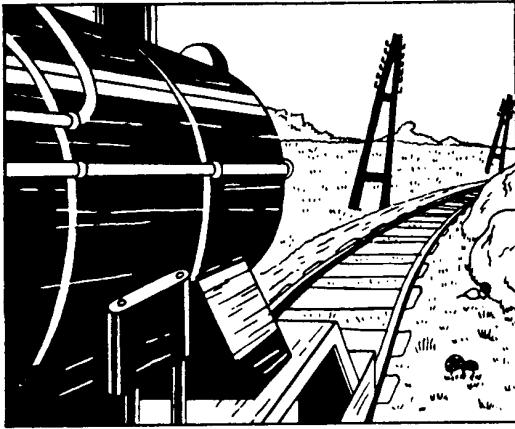


# TINTIN EN SUISSE

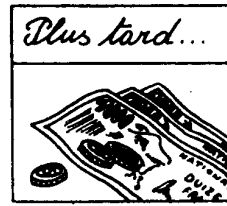
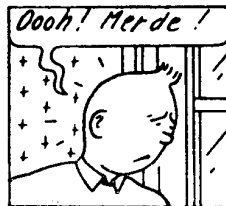
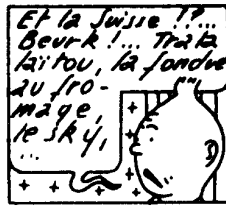
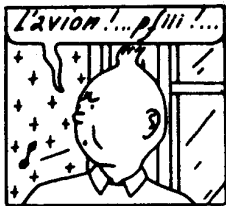
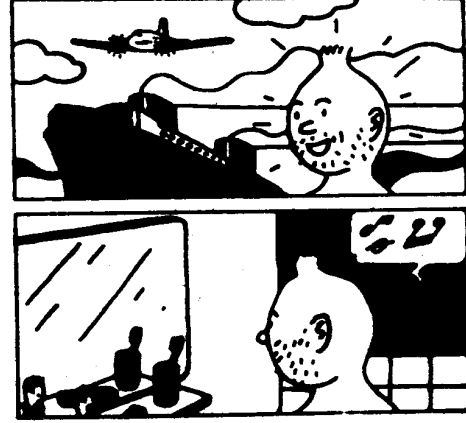


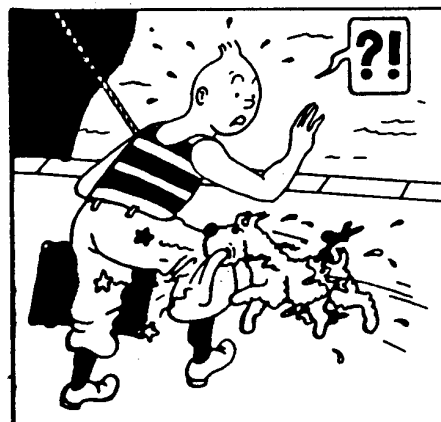
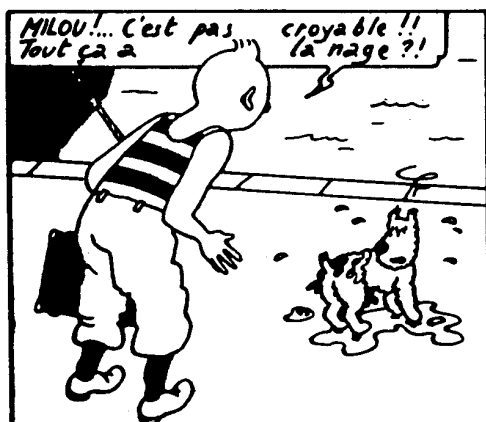
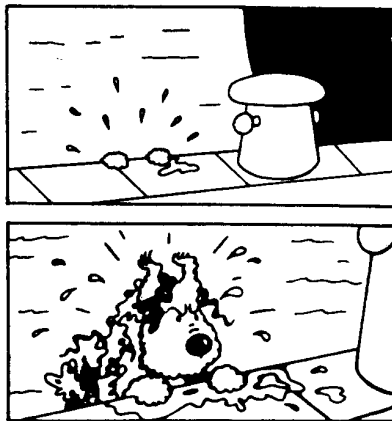
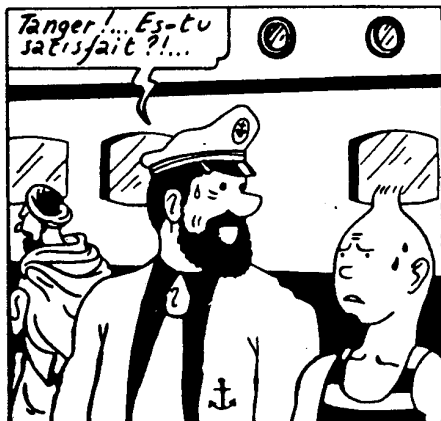
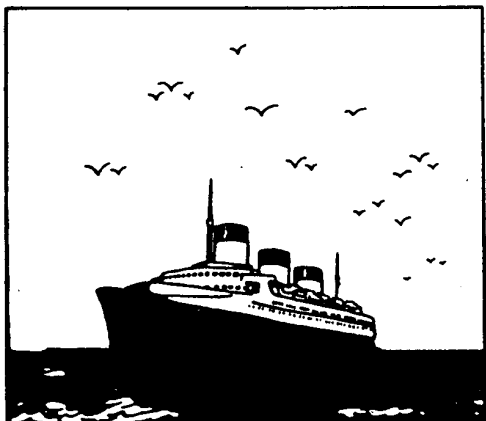


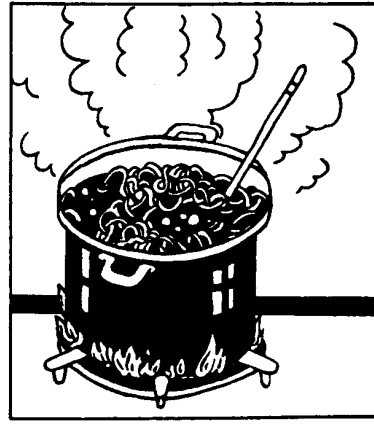
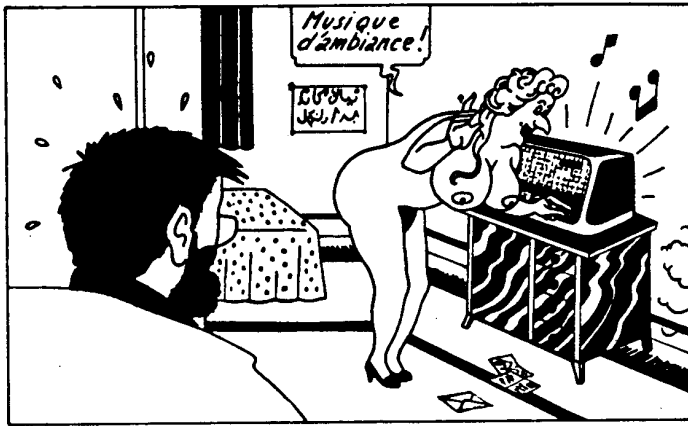
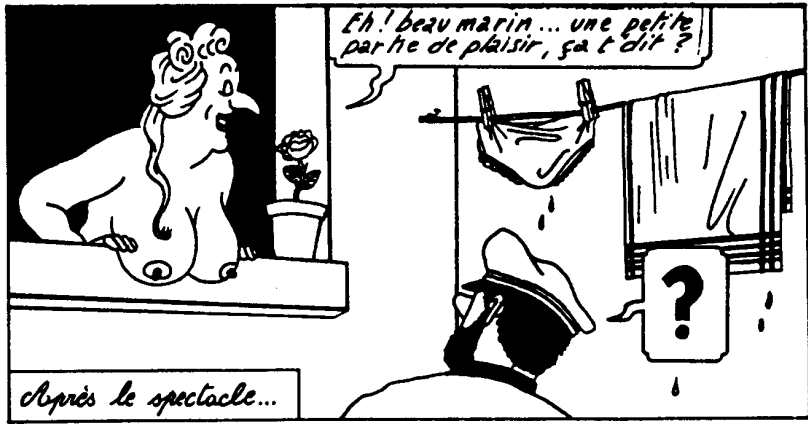
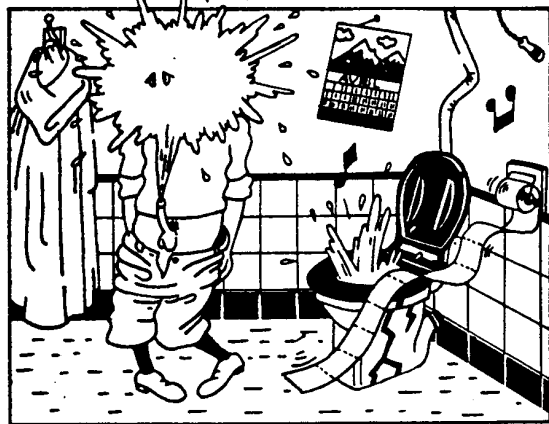
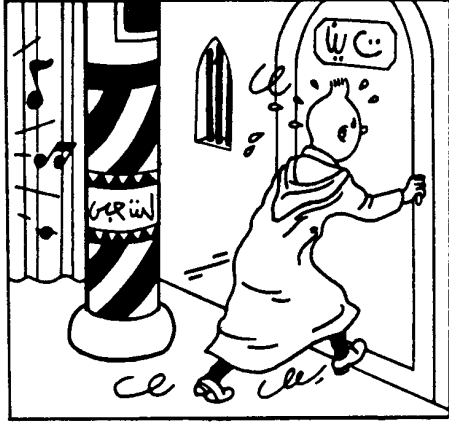
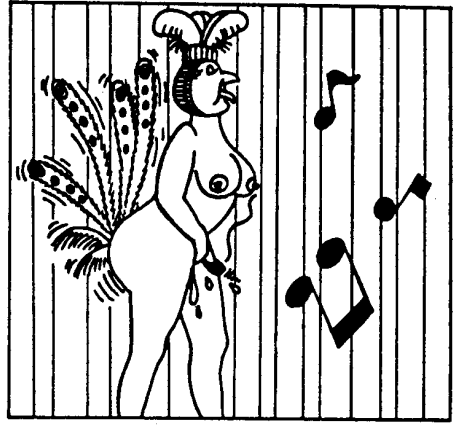
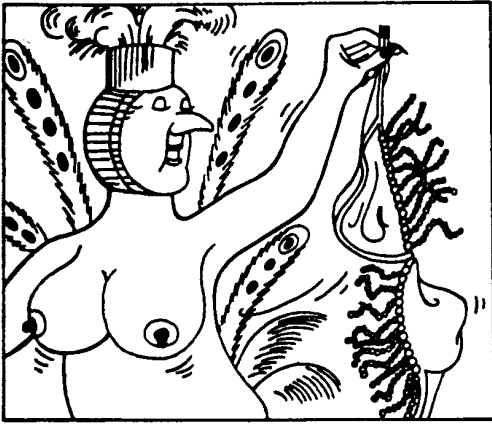




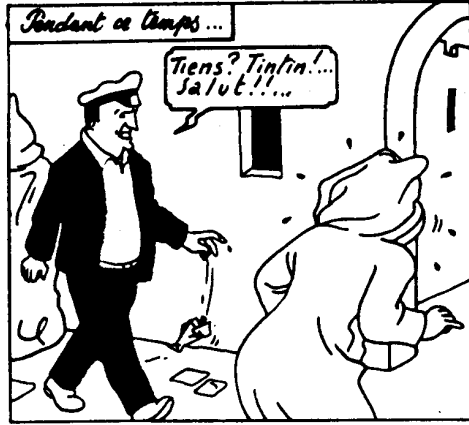
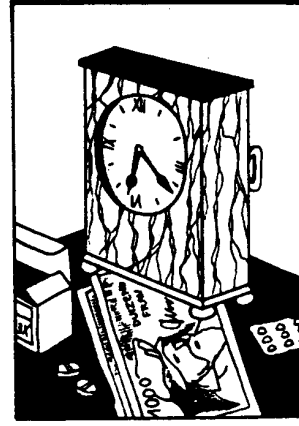
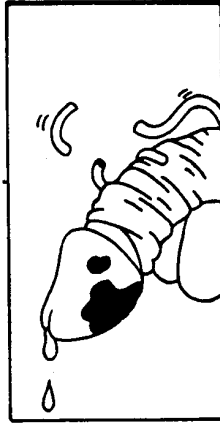
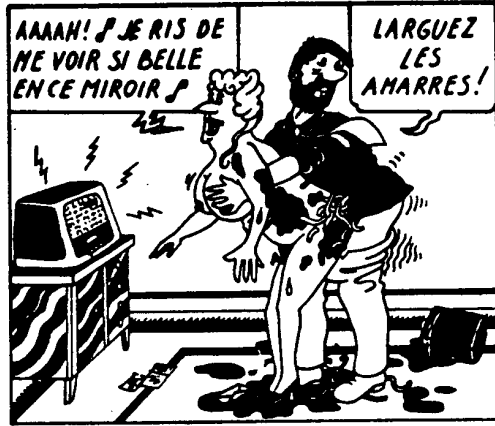
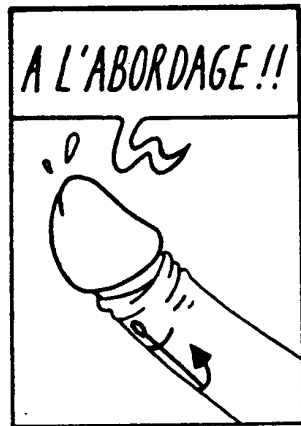
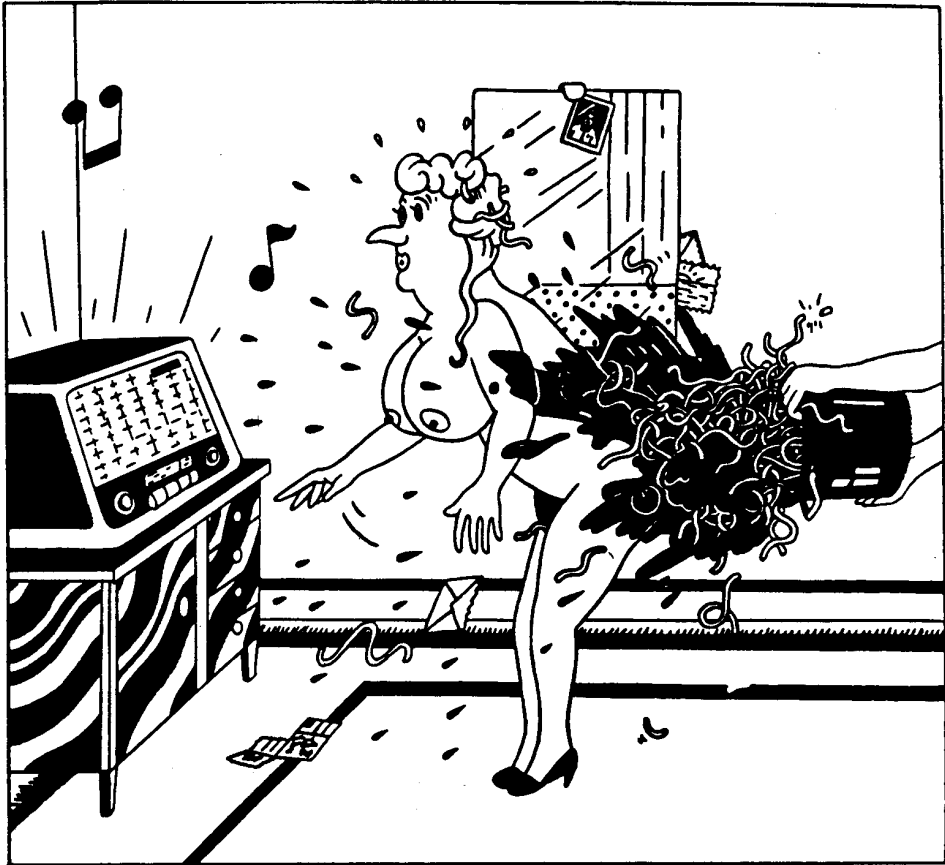


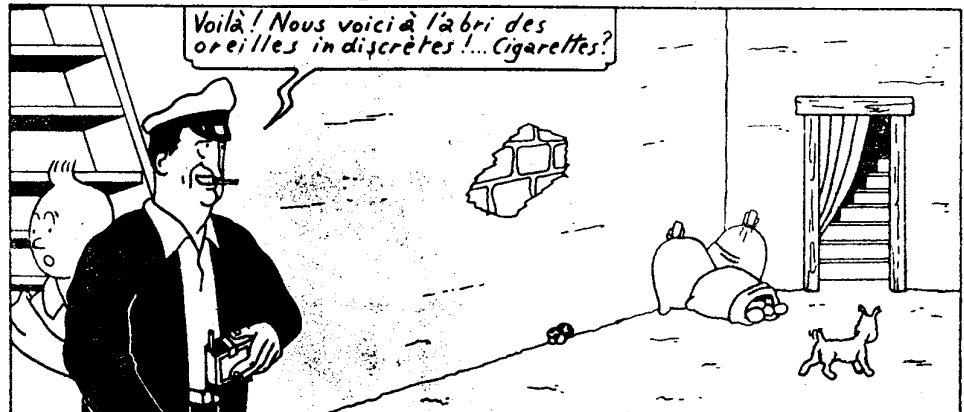


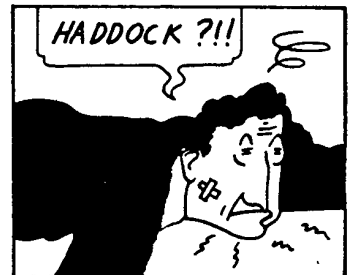
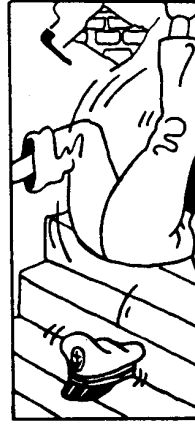
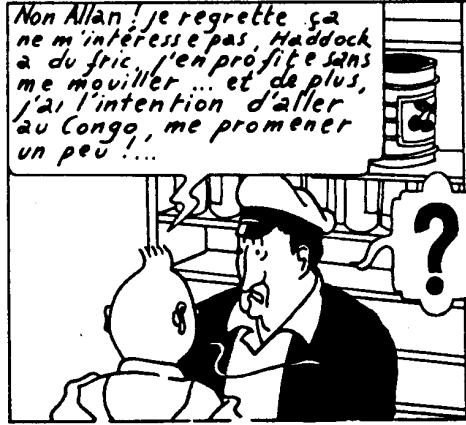
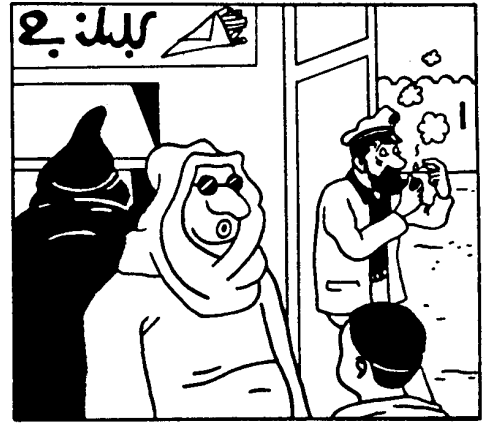














Plus tard, non loin du port...

Je crois qu'il valait mieux filer, nous voici embarqués dans un fameux qui-proquo! ... 1° Me sachant fauché et persuadé que je vais l'accepter, Allan me propose une affaire que je refuse. 2° Tu découvres par hasard le passage secret de leur repaire. 3° Tu l'assommes dans ta chute! ... Si après ça il ne s'imagina pas que l'on trafique quelque chose contre lui...!!

Je crois qu'il est prudent de continuer notre voyage... moi je pars au Congo, et toi, Capitain?

Moi je vais rejoindre Tour nesol en Suisse, j'en ai déjà soupe' de ce pays des mille et une nuits! D'ailleurs je téléphone tout de suite à l'aéroport!

D'accord! Euh...!! Tu saurais me passer un peu de fric!

Tiens!

Allo! L'aéroport?...

Non, monsieur, c'est la boucherie de Mohamed ben Janzob ici... Oui... Oui, monsieur... Non, monsieur... Pas de quoi monsieur...

C'est pourtant bien ici que nous l'avons vu pour la dernière fois?!

Et il l'a suivi tu me dis? ... Il semblerait qu'ils en savent plus long qu'on ne le croit!...

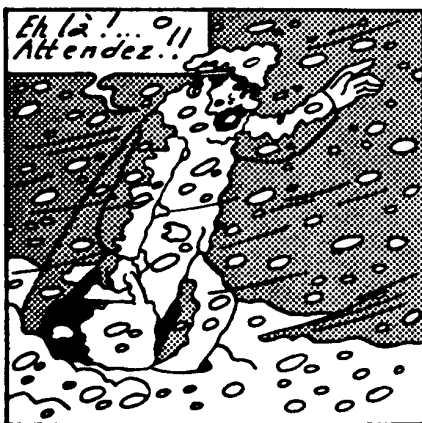
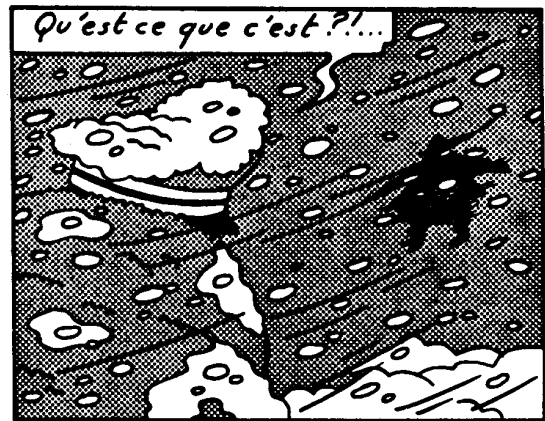
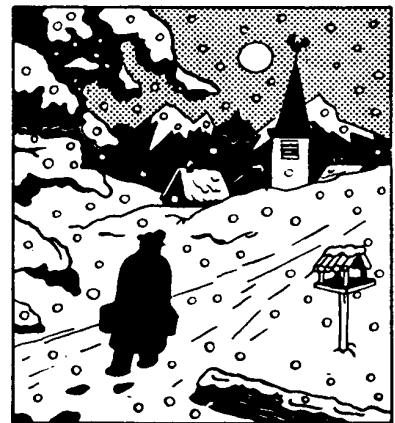
Ecoutes Tom!... je sais que Tintin va au Congo, tu connais le pays... file-le! je veux savoir ce qu'il mijote.

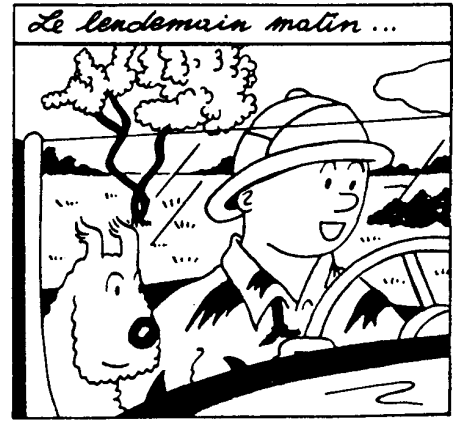
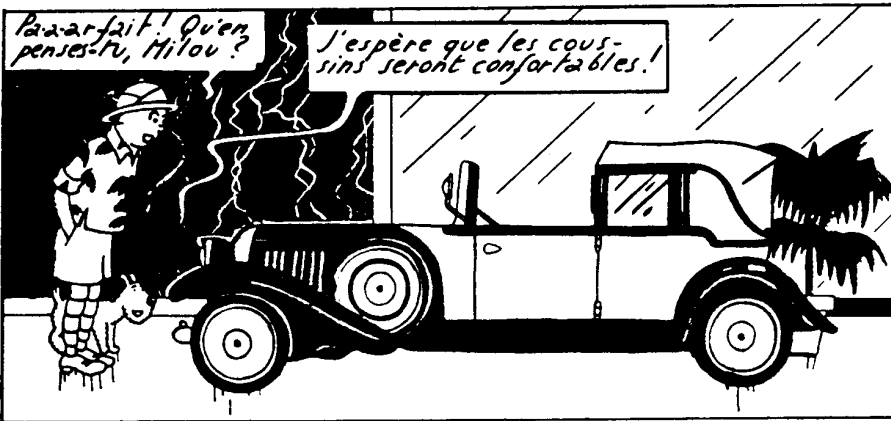
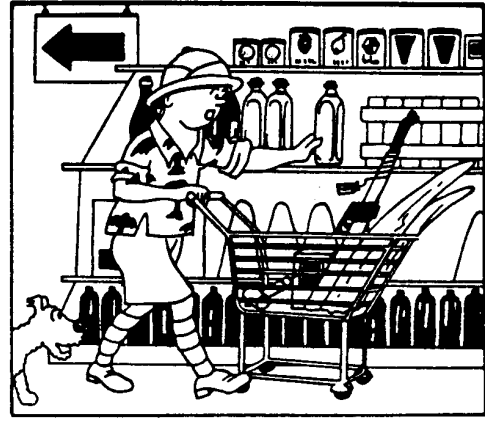
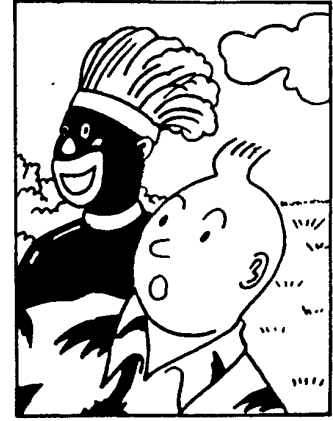
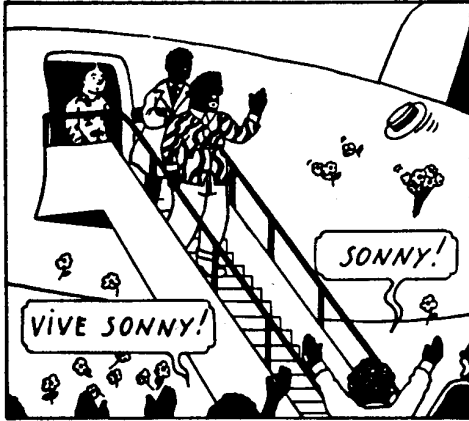
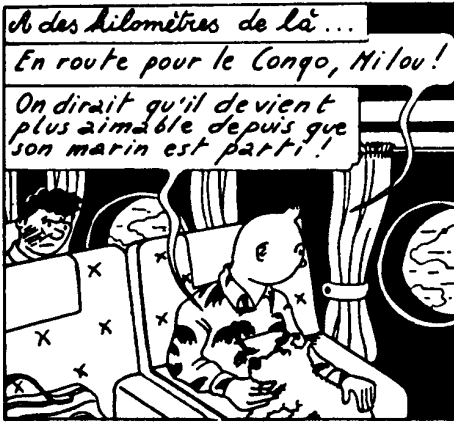
Pendant ce temps...

AAAAH! JE RIS DE ME VOIR SI BELLE EN CE MIROIR!

Il y a une lettre pour madame!

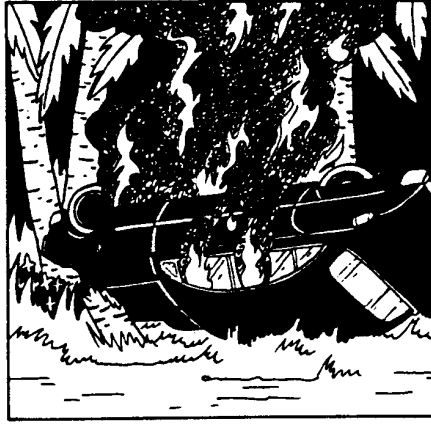
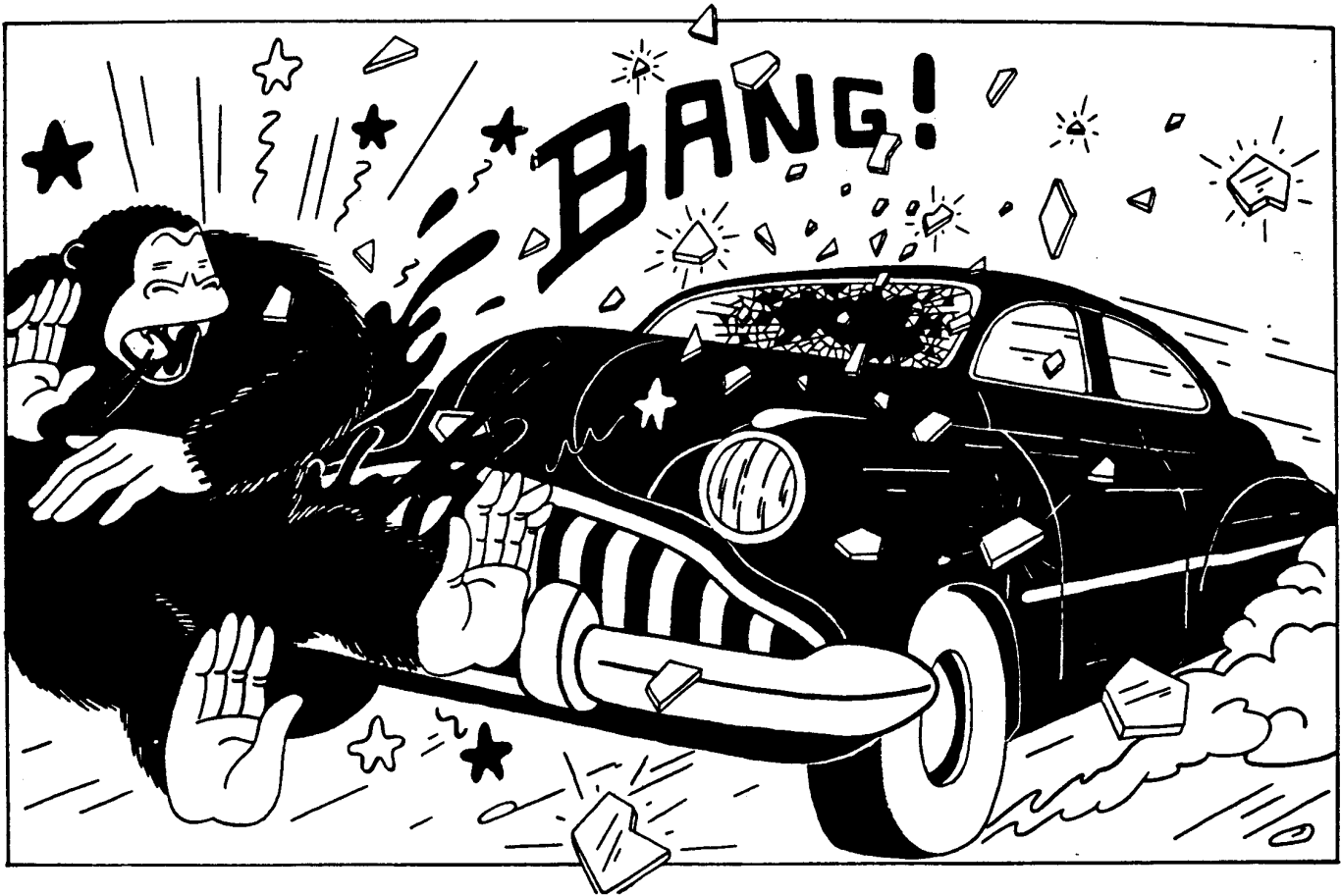




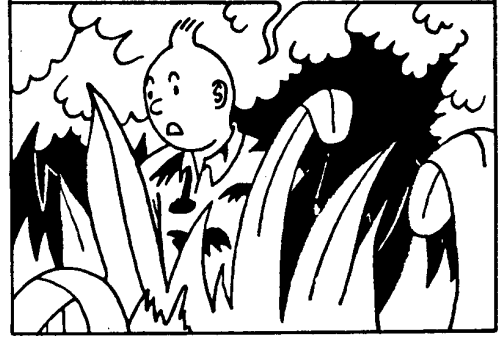




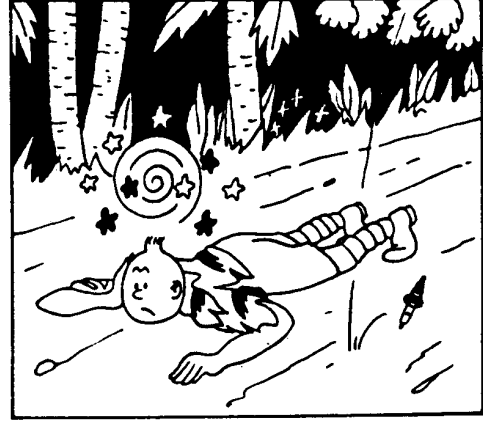
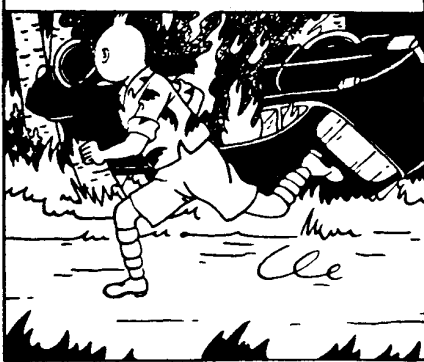


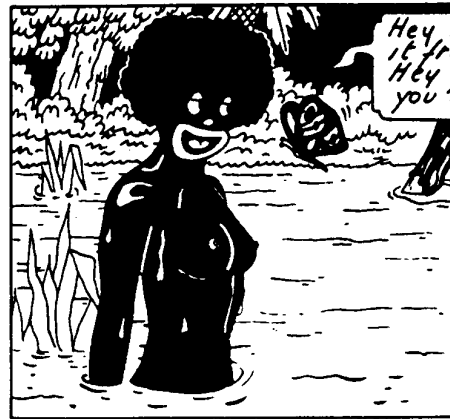
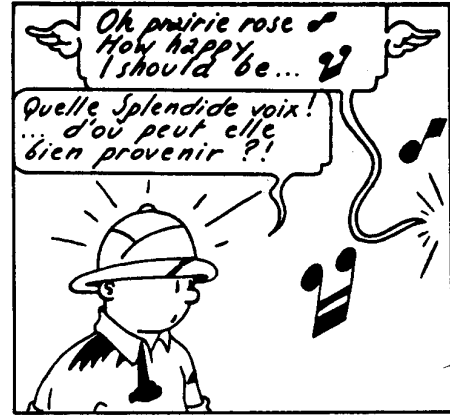
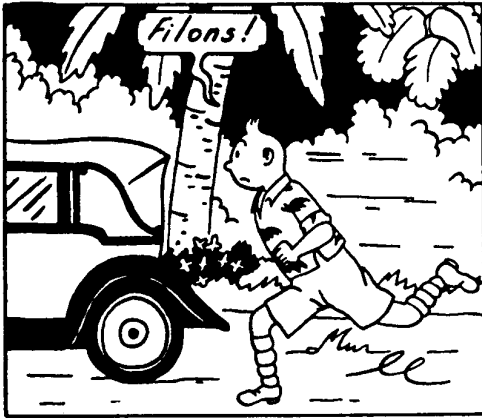


*Je l'ai échappé belle !... Heureusement que j'ai sauté à temps dans ces broussailles.*

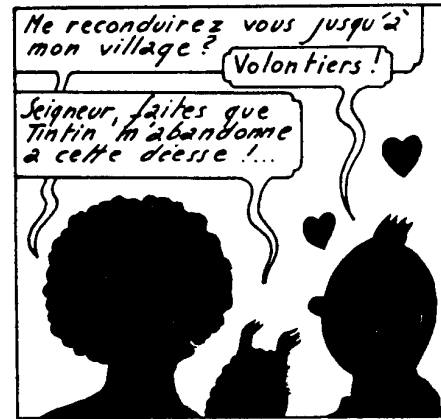
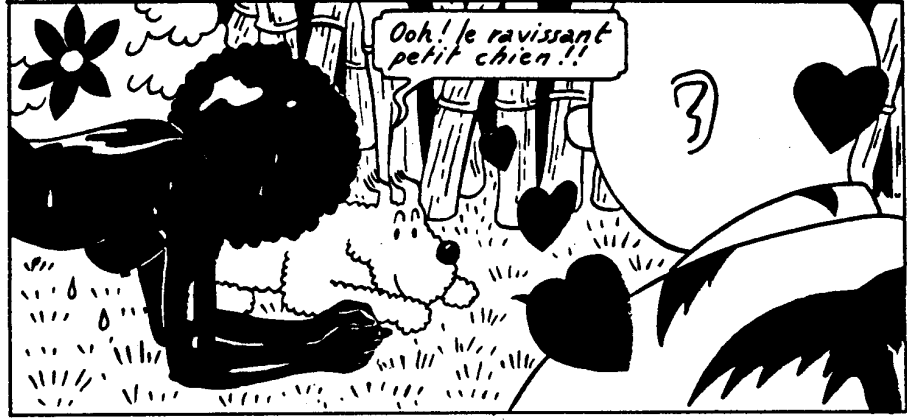
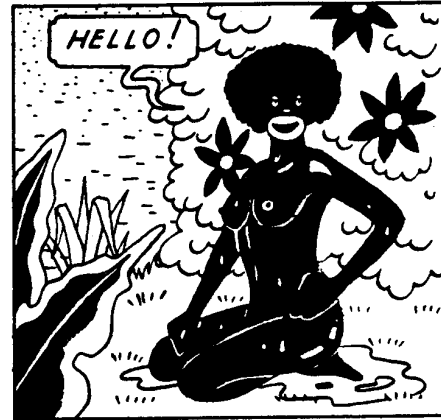
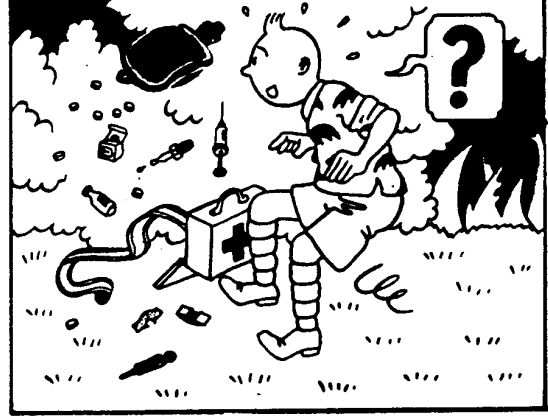
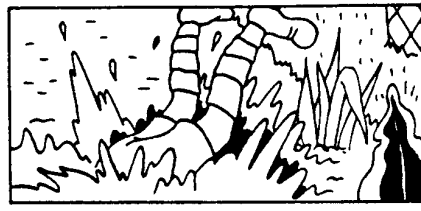
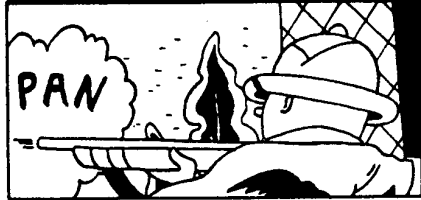


*Cette voiture va exploser, d'un moment à l'autre !*

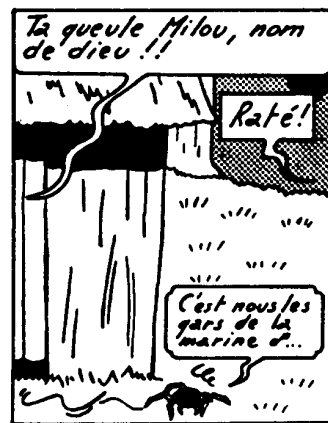
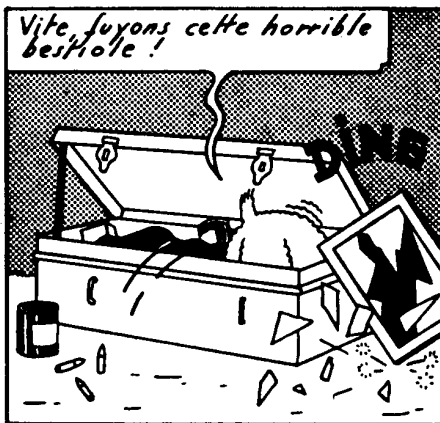


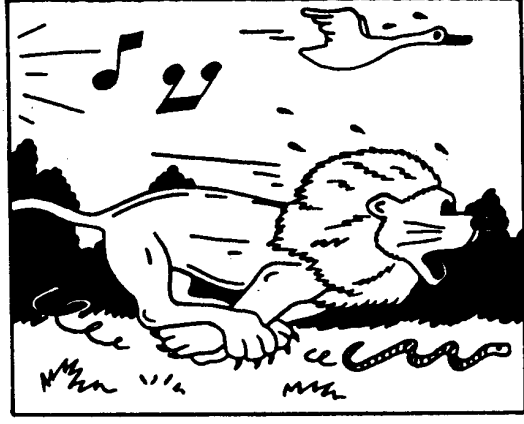
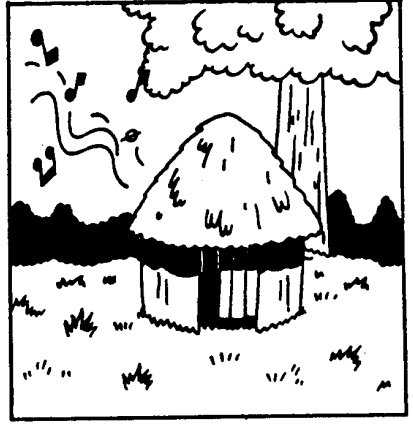
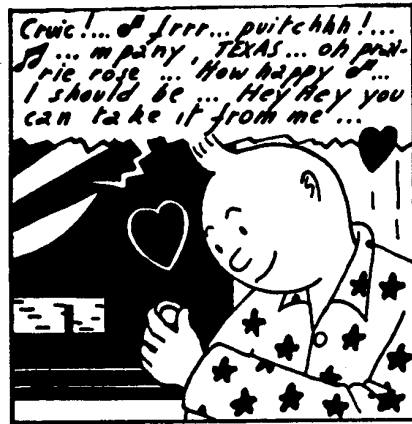
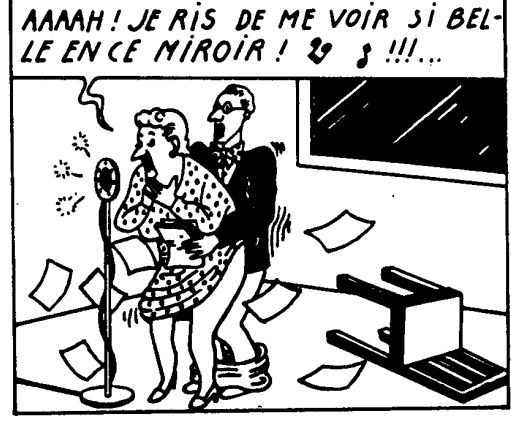
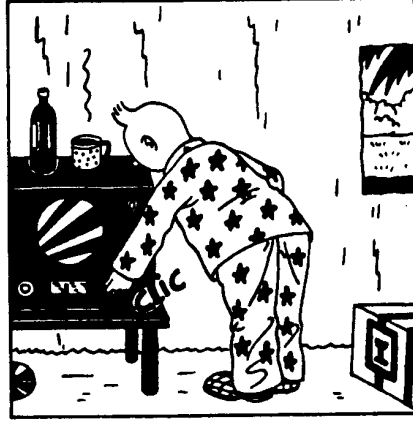
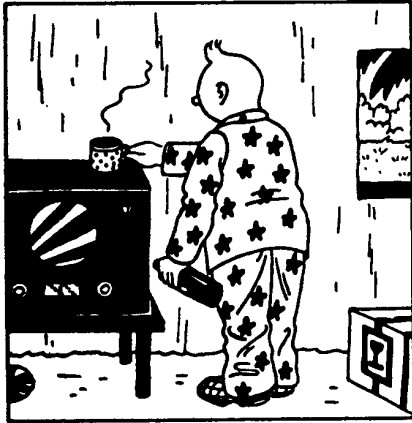
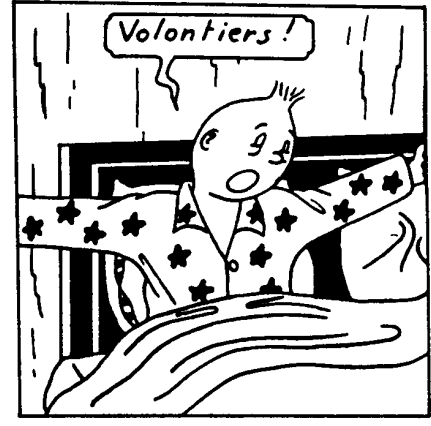
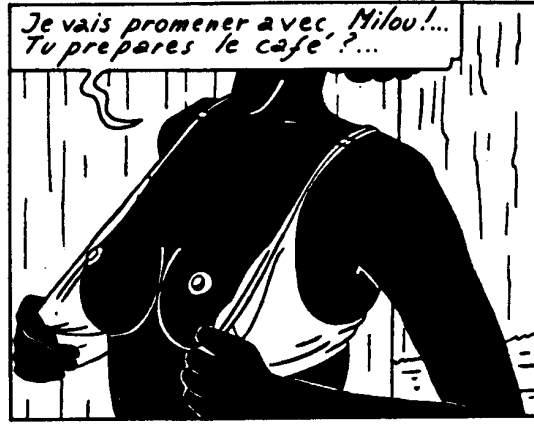


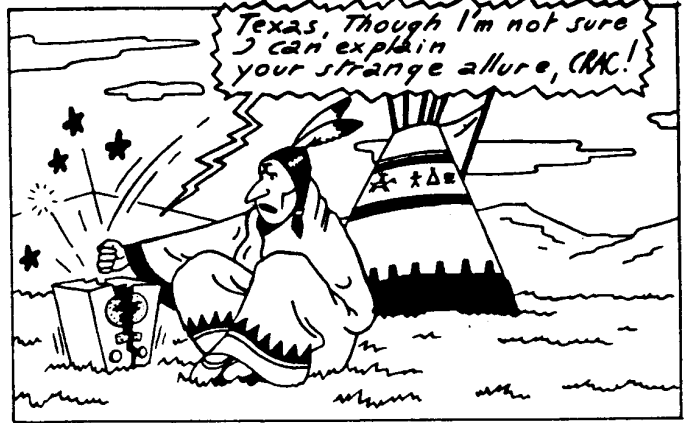
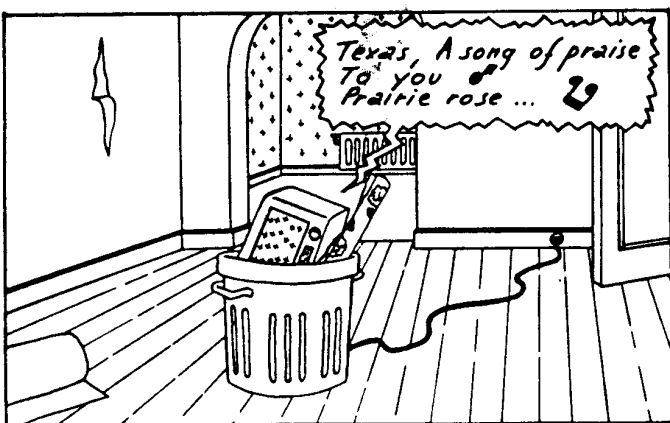
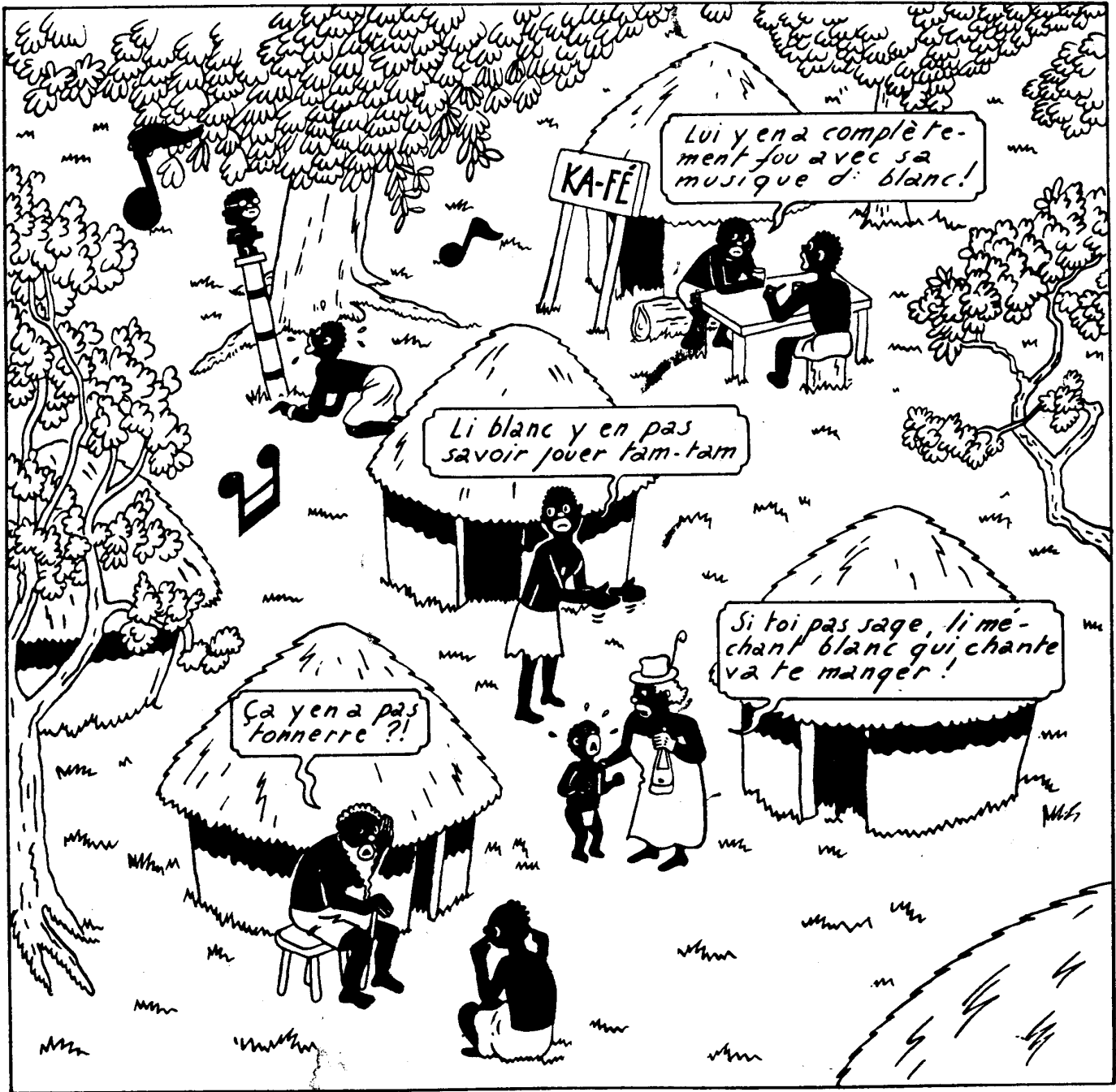






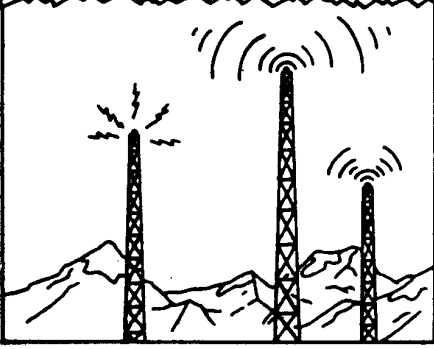








Texas Prairie rose ... A crown of thorns ... A scented flower...



Hey hey I'd better leave right away... Hey hey I can hear you calling me... Hey hey prairie rose ...



Et bien ! Vous en faites un chাপut avec votre sale petite boîte, vous seriez mieux d'aller chasser avec les autres guerriers...



... un garçon courageux comme vous !

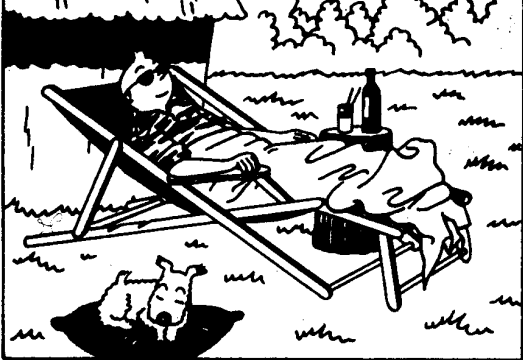


Salut ! le café est prêt ?

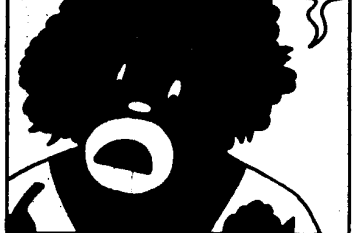
Il est froid !



Les jours passent...



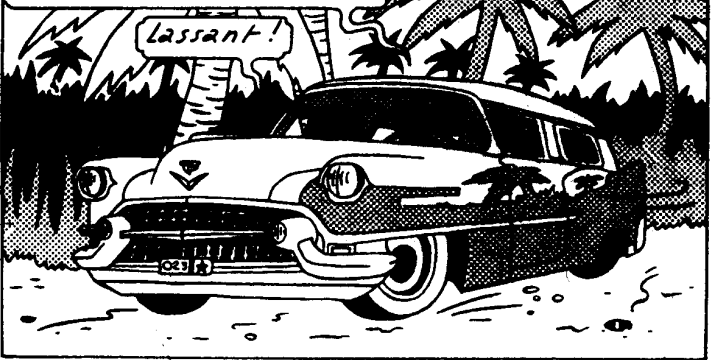
J'en ai marre de ce p'tit con ... et en plus pour ce qui est de la chose, il est plutôt à côté de la question !... Aah ! Si Sonny pouvait revenir !



SONNY!!



Alors, ça s'est bien passé ces vacances ?



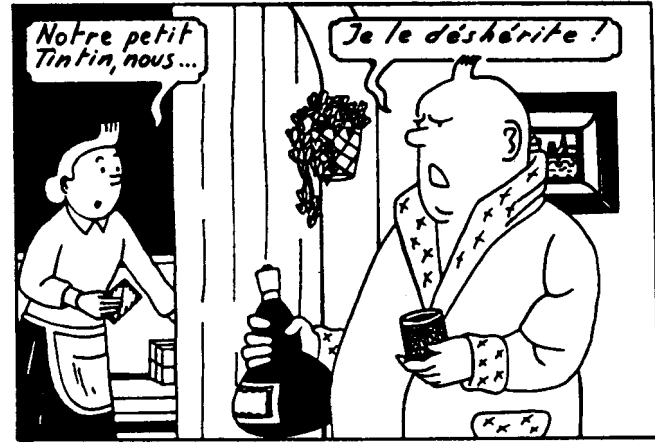
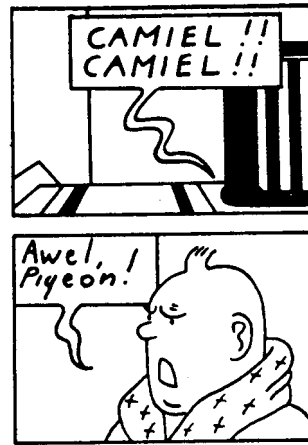
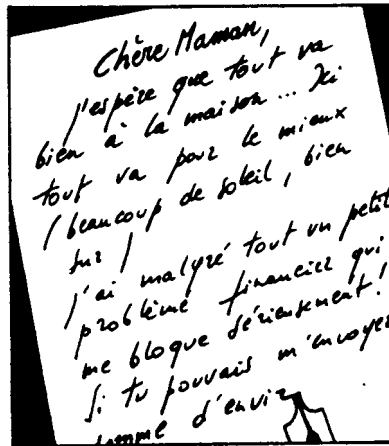
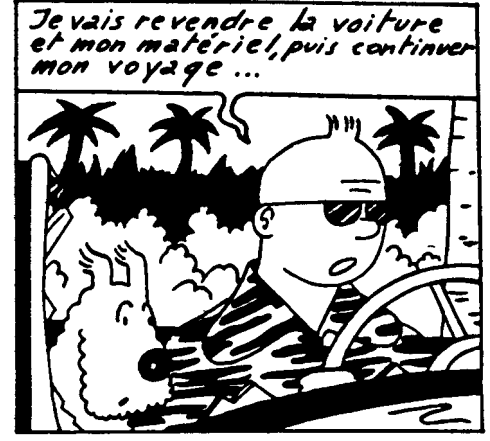
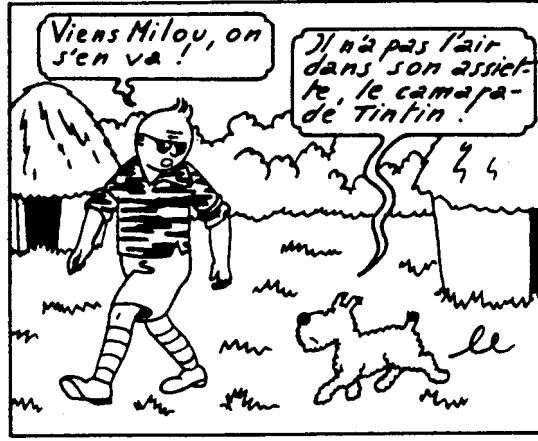
Mais où est donc passée Emilie ?

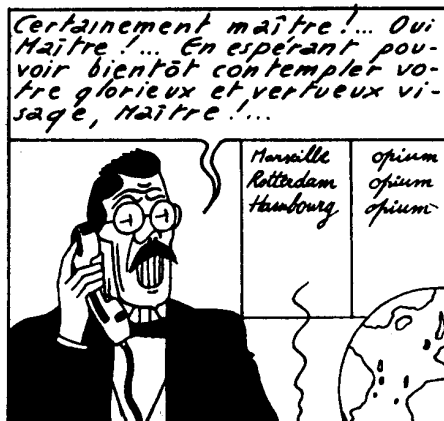
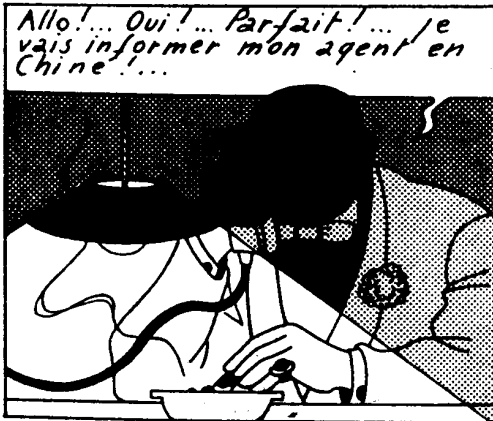
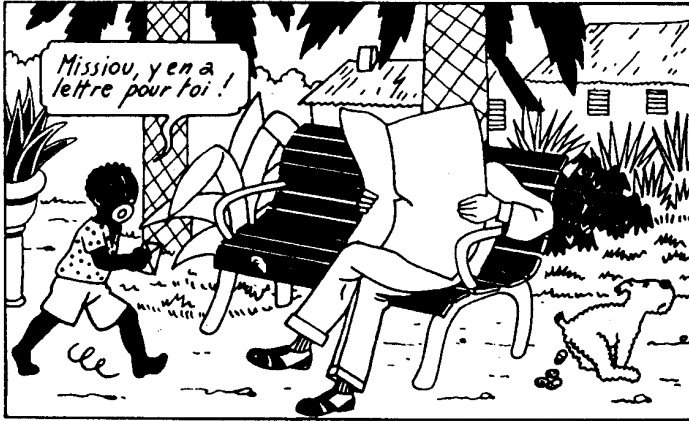
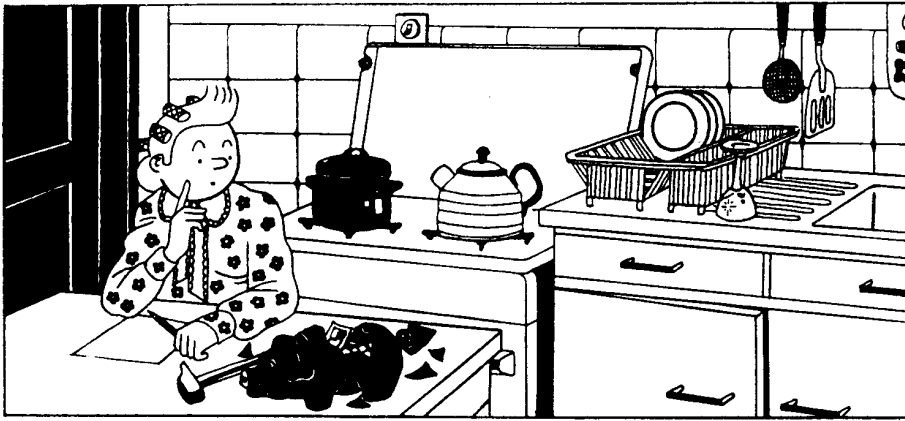


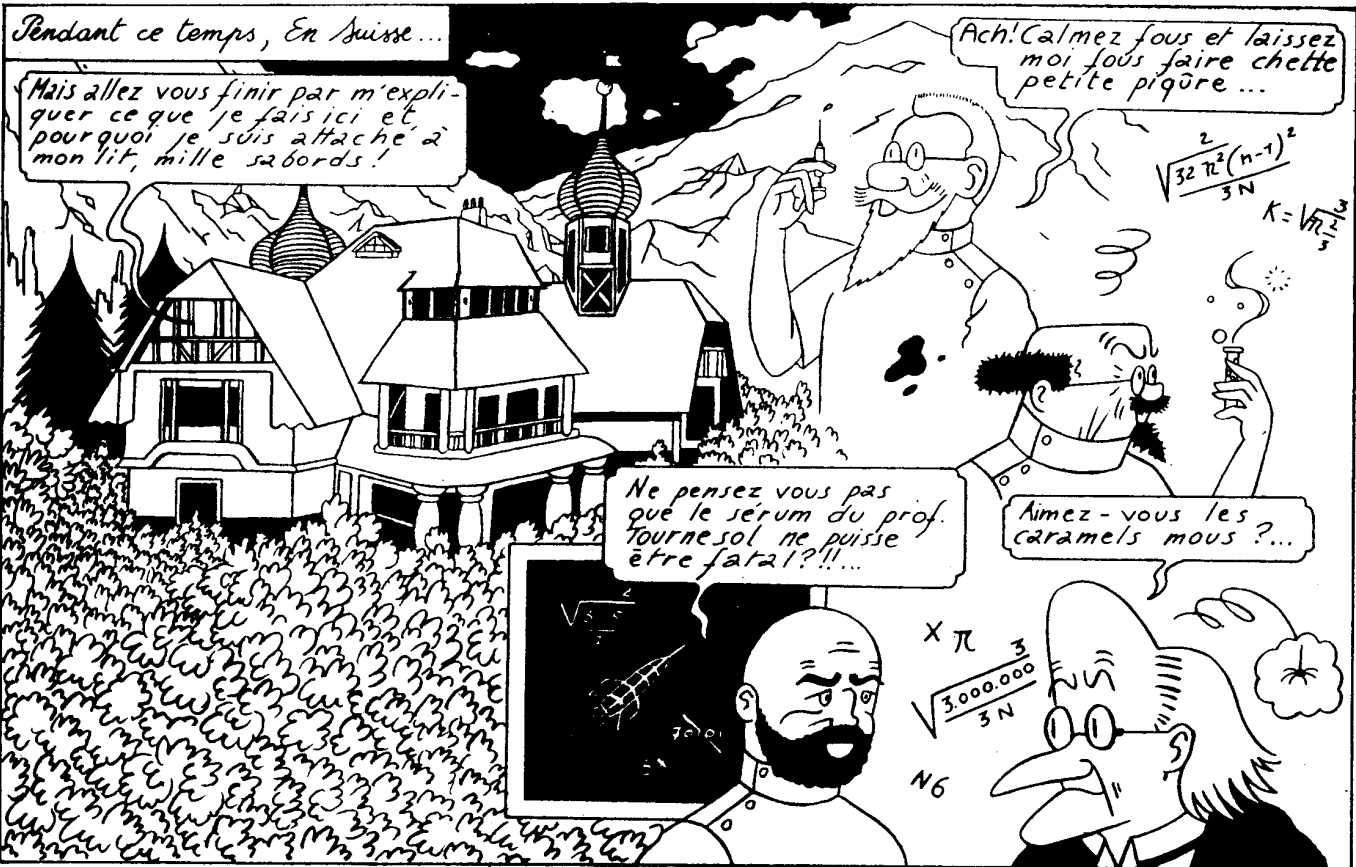
Tu n'as pas vu, Emilie ?

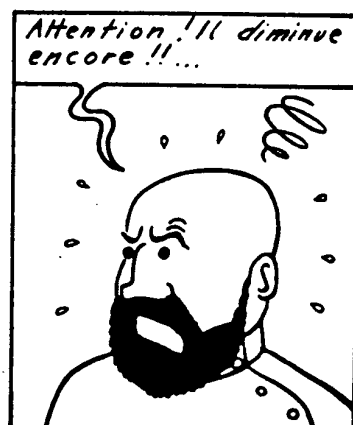
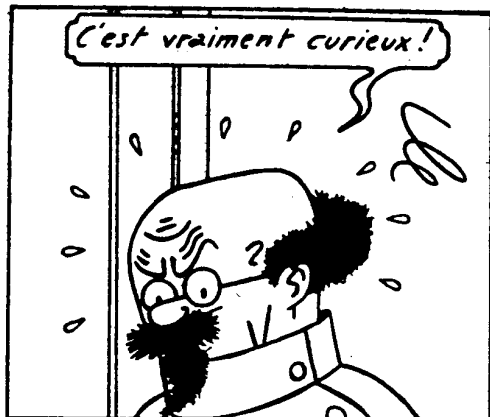
Emilie ? ... y'en a partit avec Sonny, Missiou !...



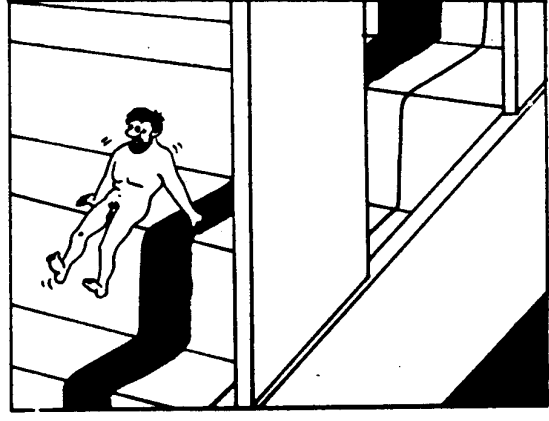
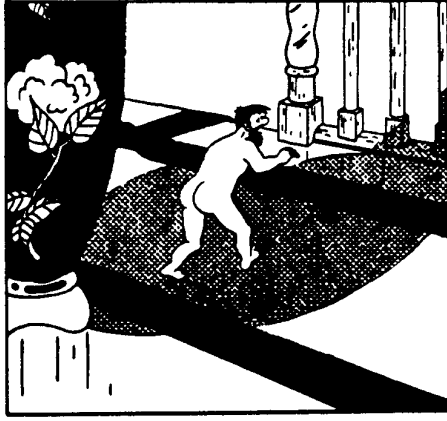


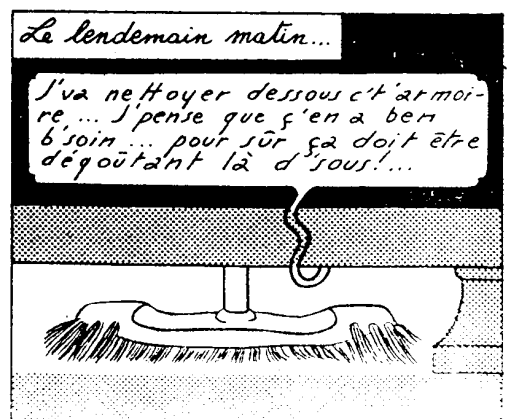
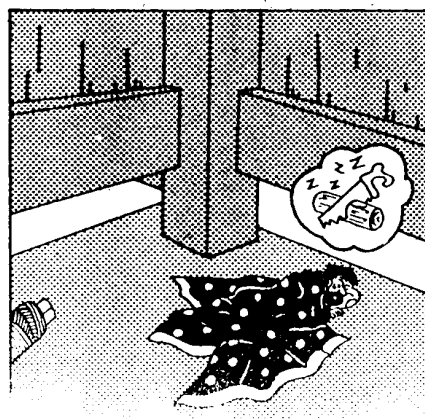
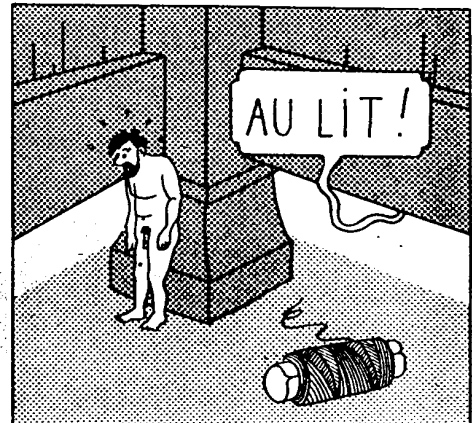
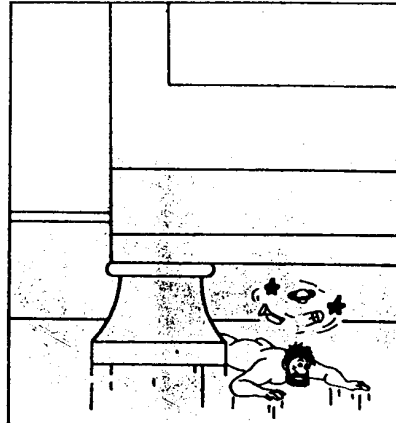
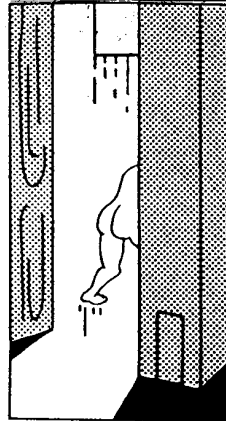
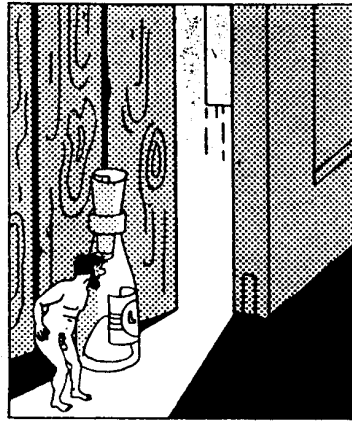
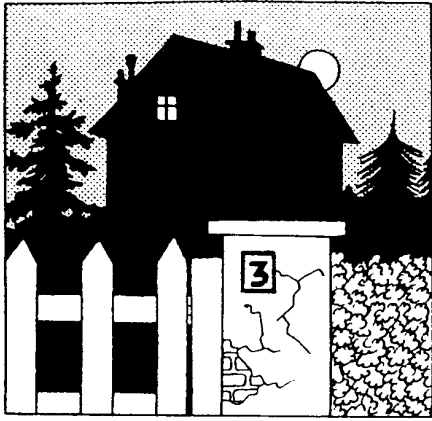


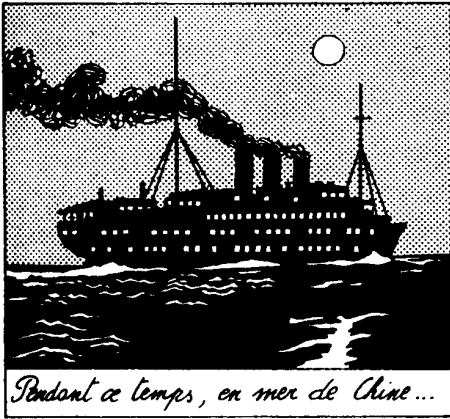




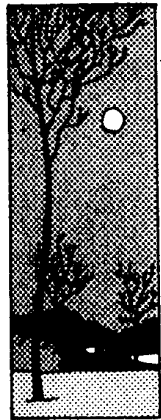
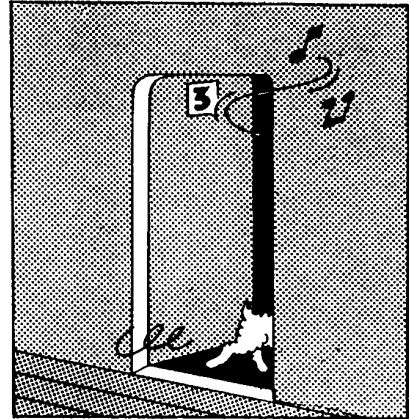
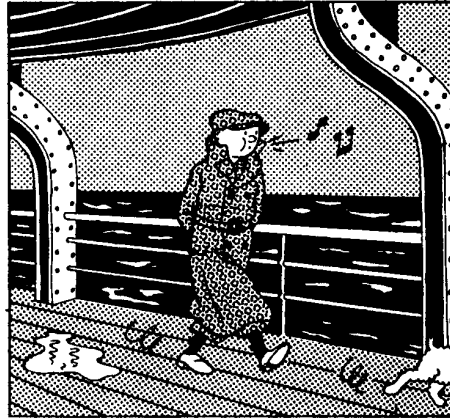






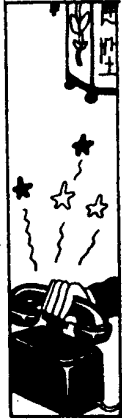


Pendant ce temps, en mer de Chine...



Le lendemain...

Oui maître, il est entièrement en notre possession... Oui Maître... Bien Maître...

Bonjour mon cher Monsieur Tintin... mon nom est Mitsuhiro, permettez à mon humble personne de vous expliquer la situation...



Quant l'on rentre dans notre organisation il est bien difficile d'en sortir... Or, malgré que vous ne vous en doutiez probablement pas, vous y avez fait votre entrée en travaillant pour nous par l'intermédiaire du lieutenant Allan...



Or, Nous avons malencontreusement appris que récemment, vous aviez refusé de travailler pour ce même Allan... Nous pardonnons une erreur Monsieur Tintin pas deux... Autre fois nous vous avons aidé dans l'ennui, en vous donnant un travail rapportant gros...



C'est à vous maintenant de nous rendre un petit service!... Dans votre mission vous serez suivi en tout lieu par deux membres de notre organisation qui auront l'ordre de vous abattre à la moindre incartade!



Si je comprends bien, je vais jouer polichinelle!

Remerciez nous de ne pas couper les ficelles!

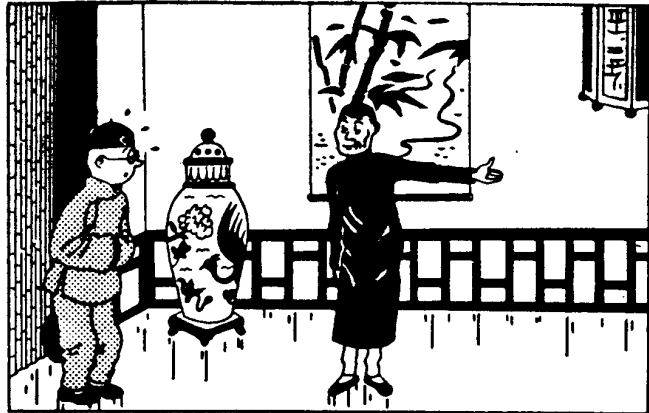



Ce soir vous vous rendez au Lotus bleu... c'est une fumerie d'opium. Vous y agirez en client! On vous remettra un paquet avec une lettre vous transmettant nos ordres. Voilà! Bonne chance!... Encore un détail... nous garderons votre cher petit chien en otage, jusqu'à nouvel ordre!...

Fumier!

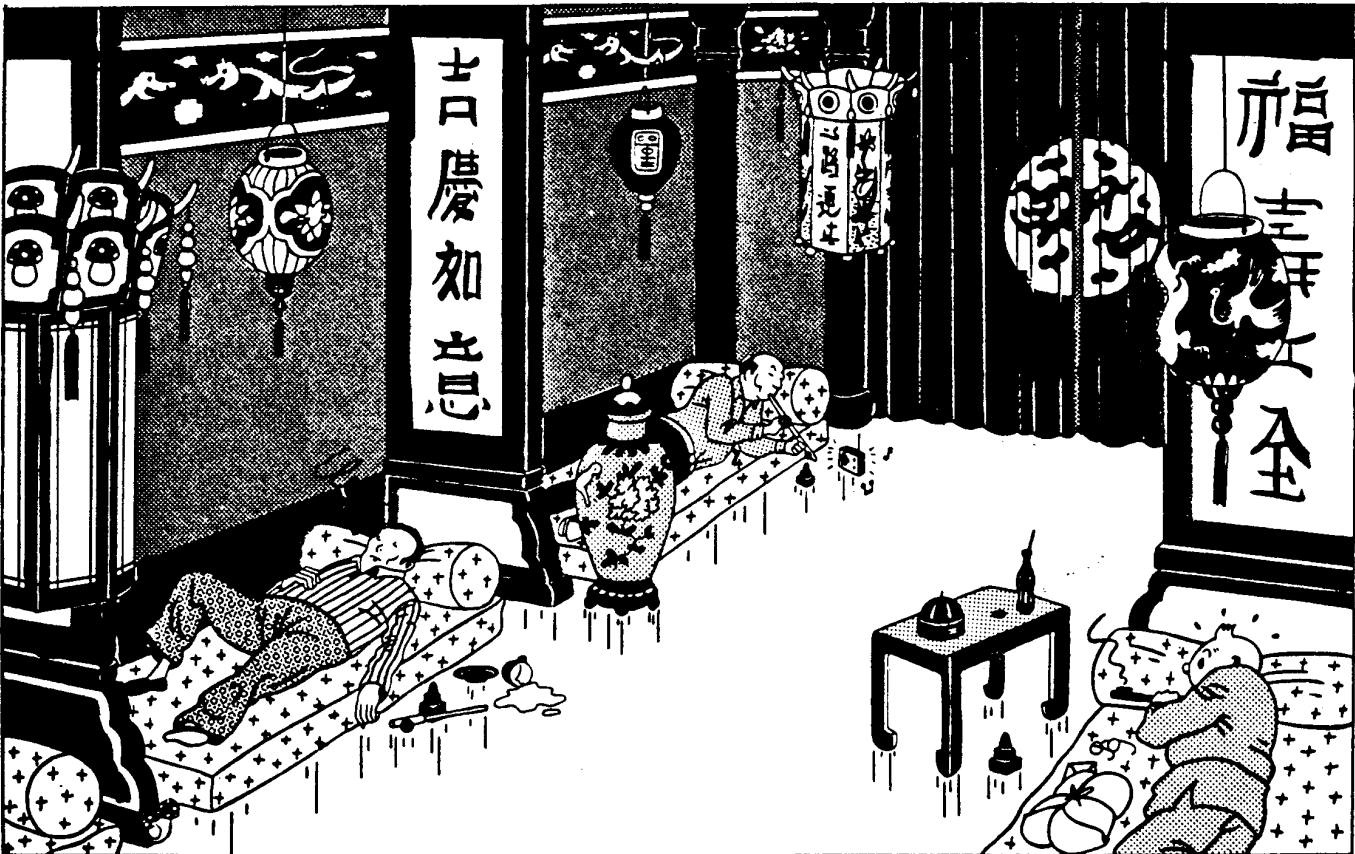
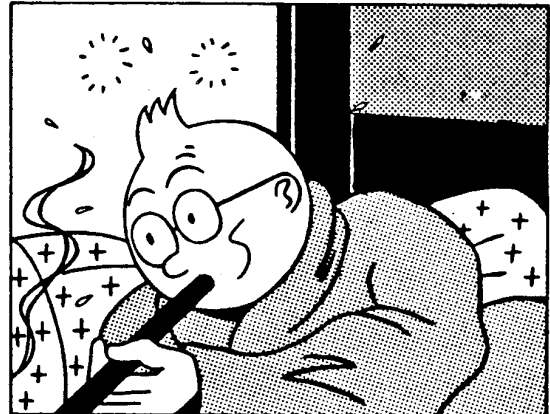
Et le même soir, à dix heures...

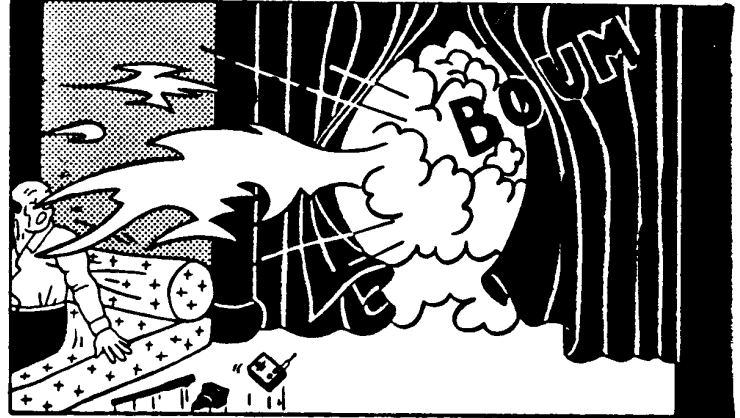
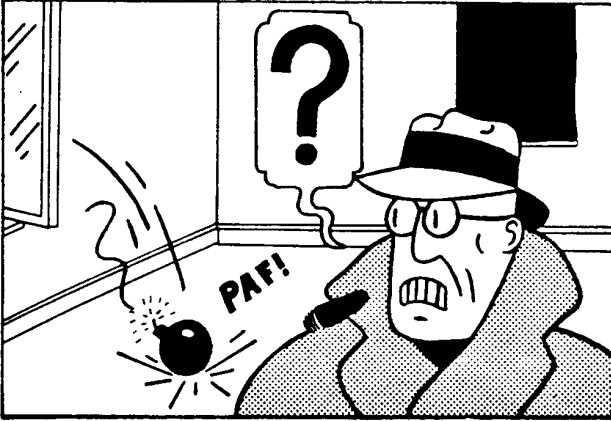
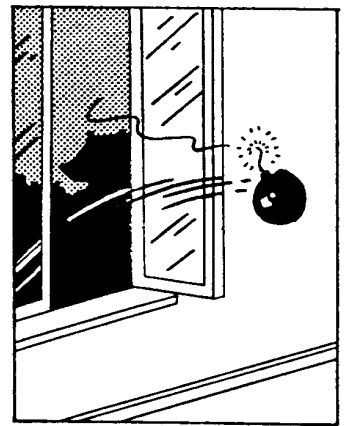
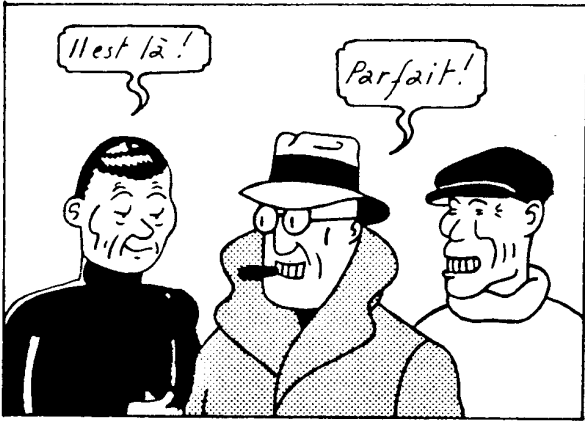
LE LOTUS BLEU



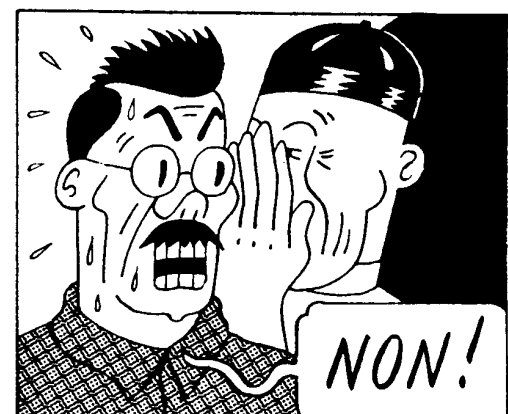
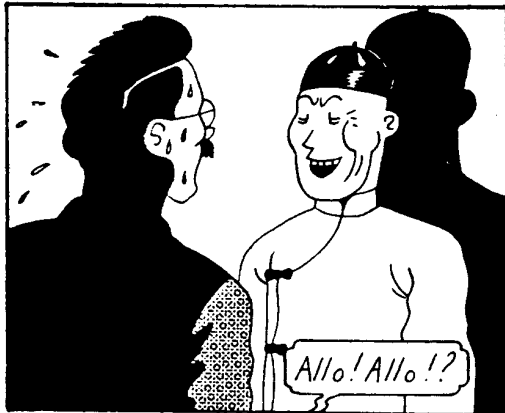
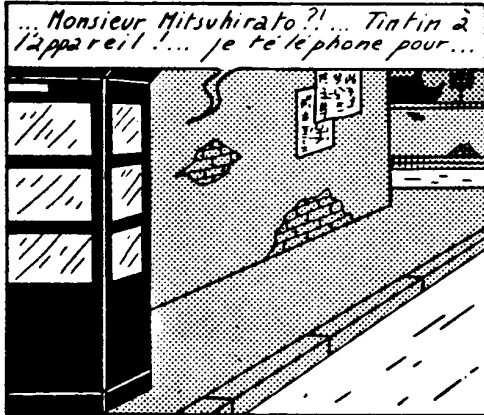
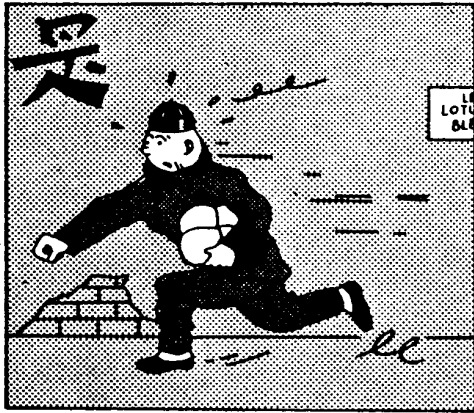
Monsieur n'a plus besoin de rien?...

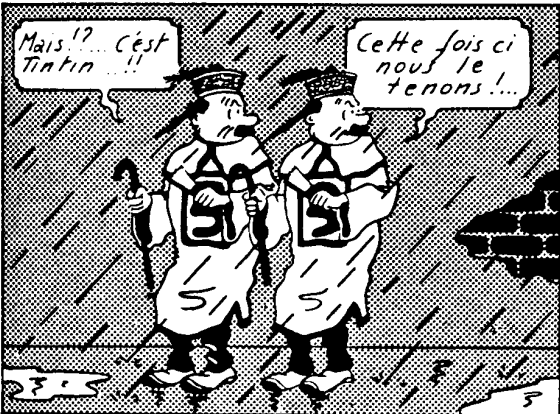
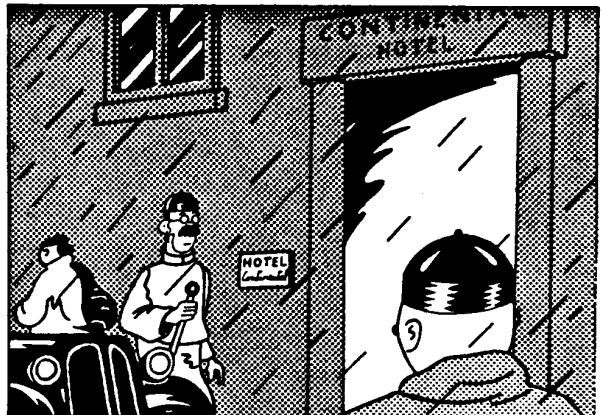
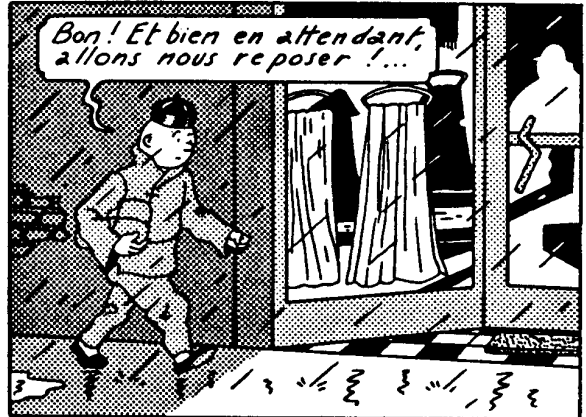
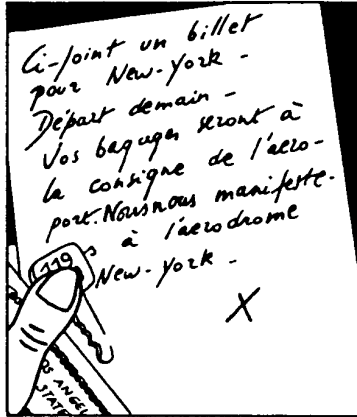
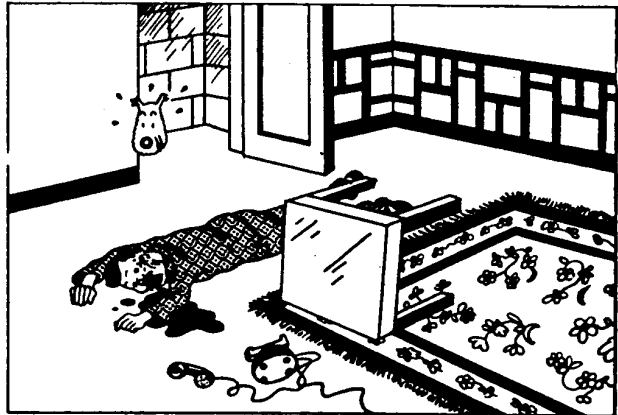
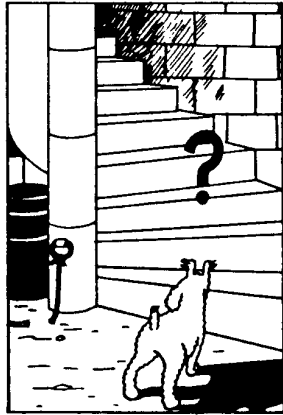
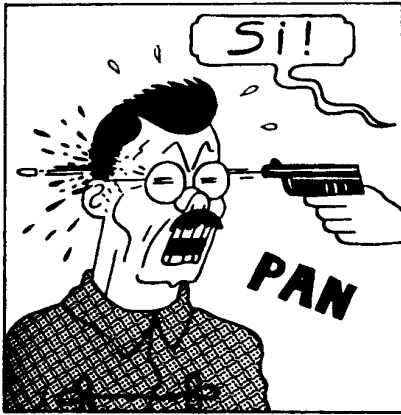
Non!... Merci!

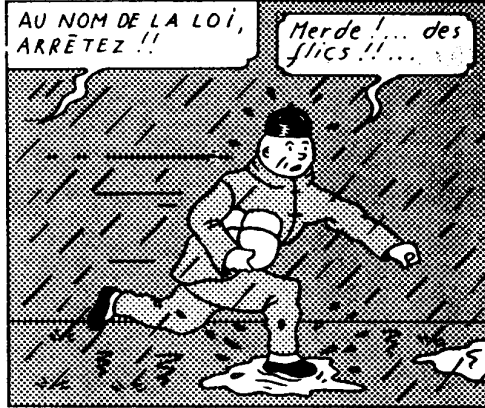




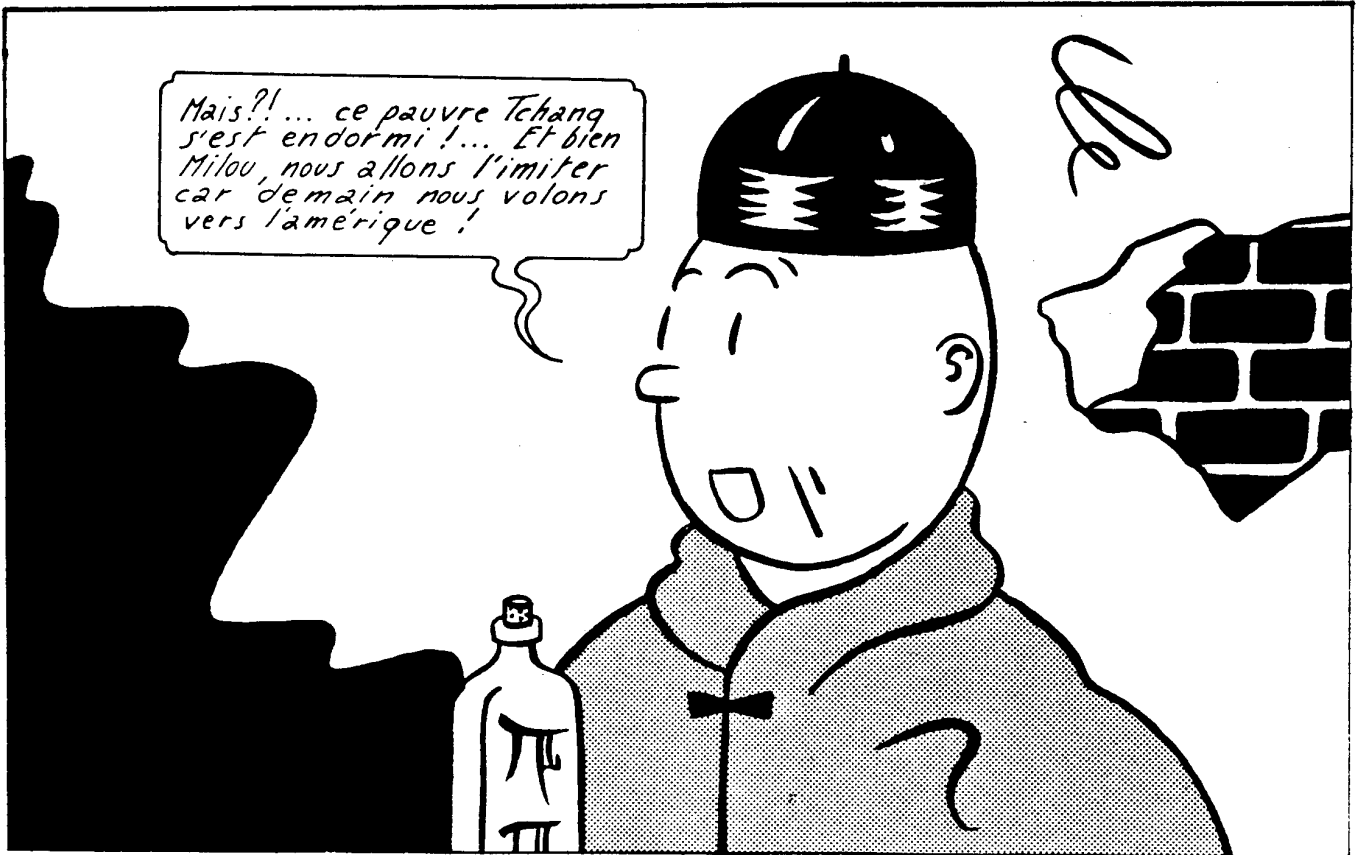


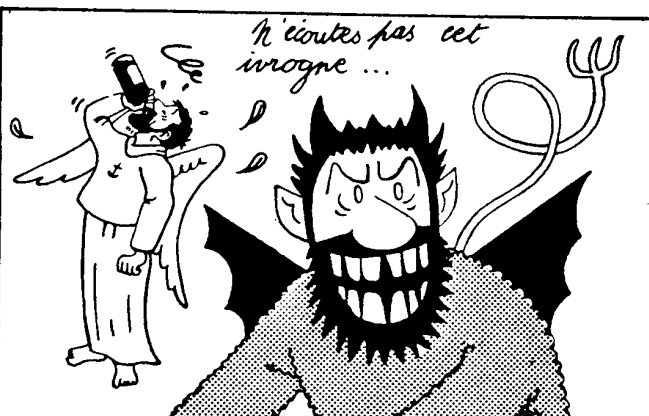
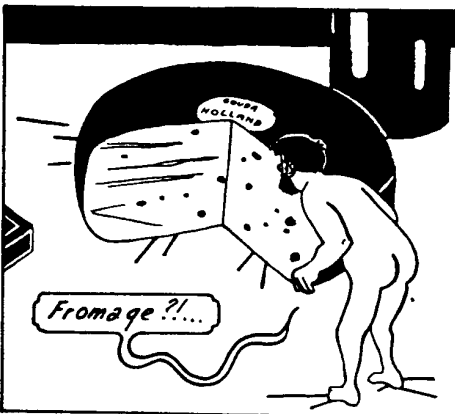
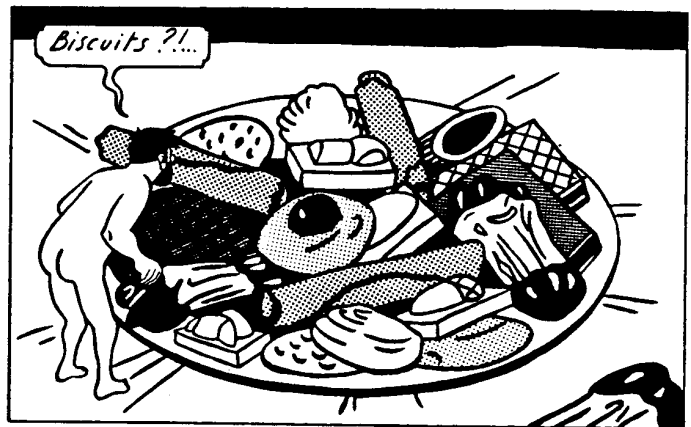
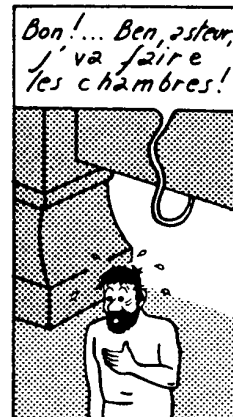
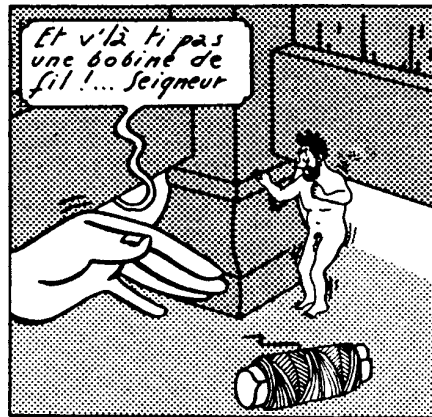




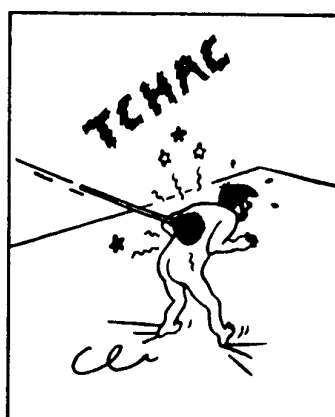
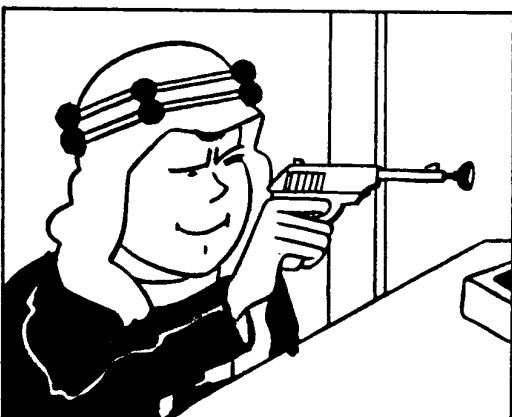
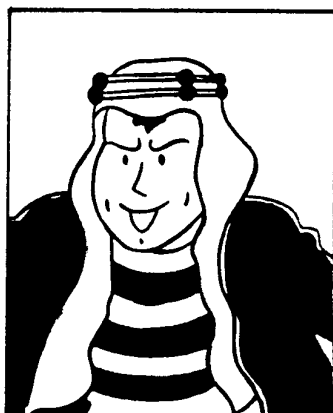
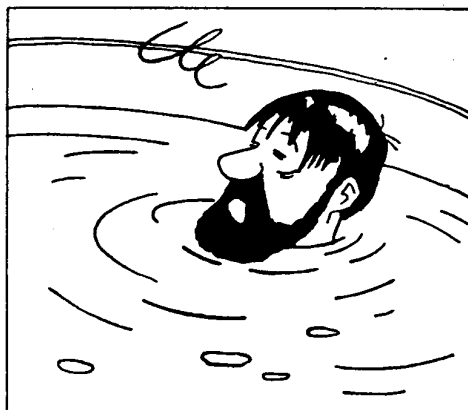
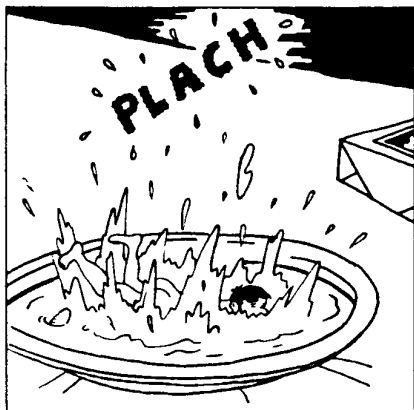
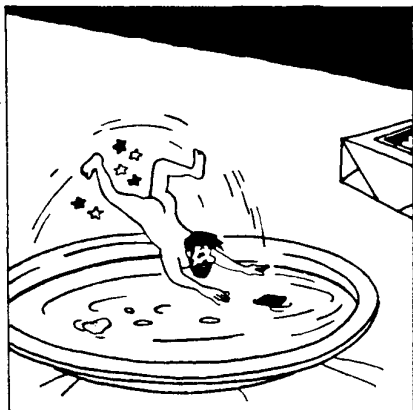
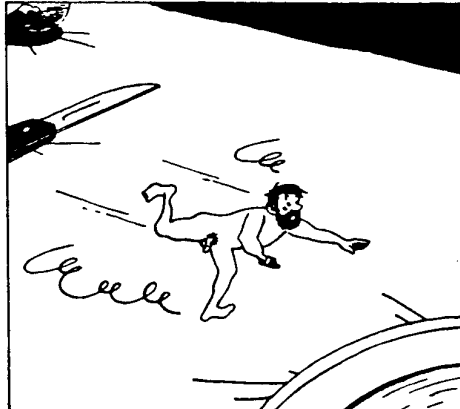
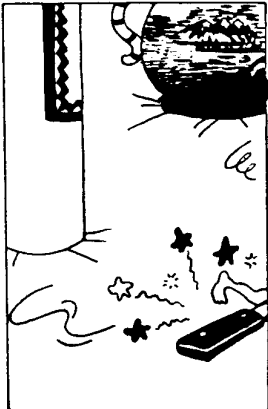
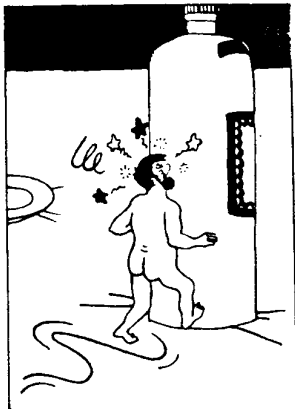


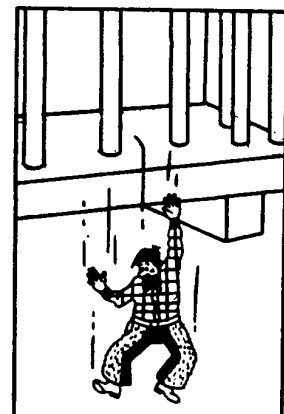
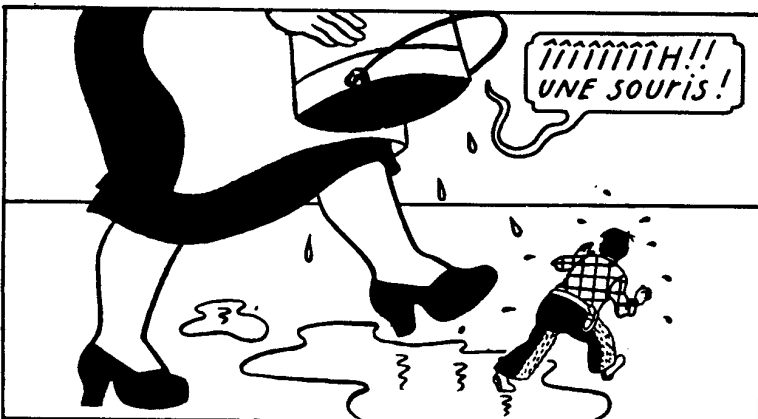
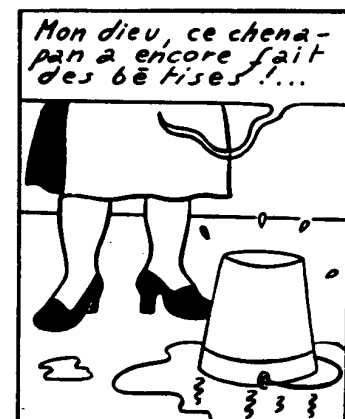
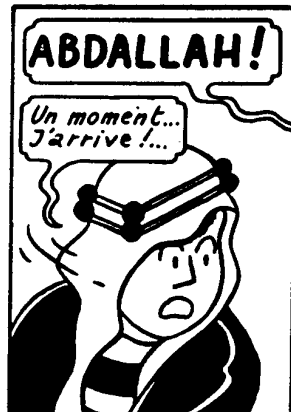
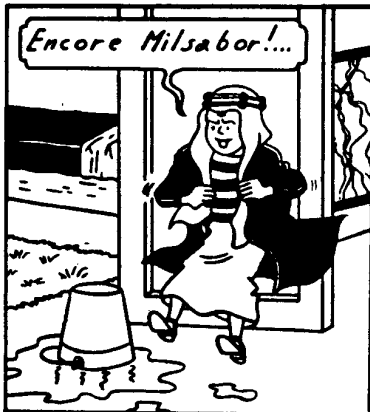
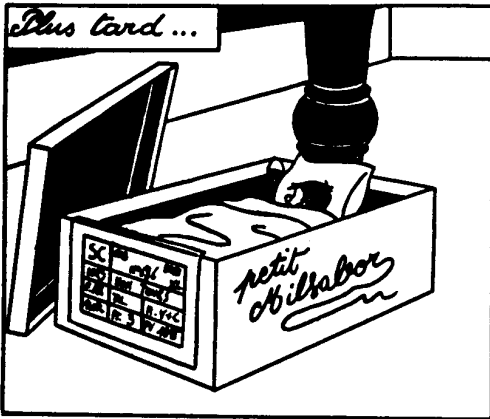


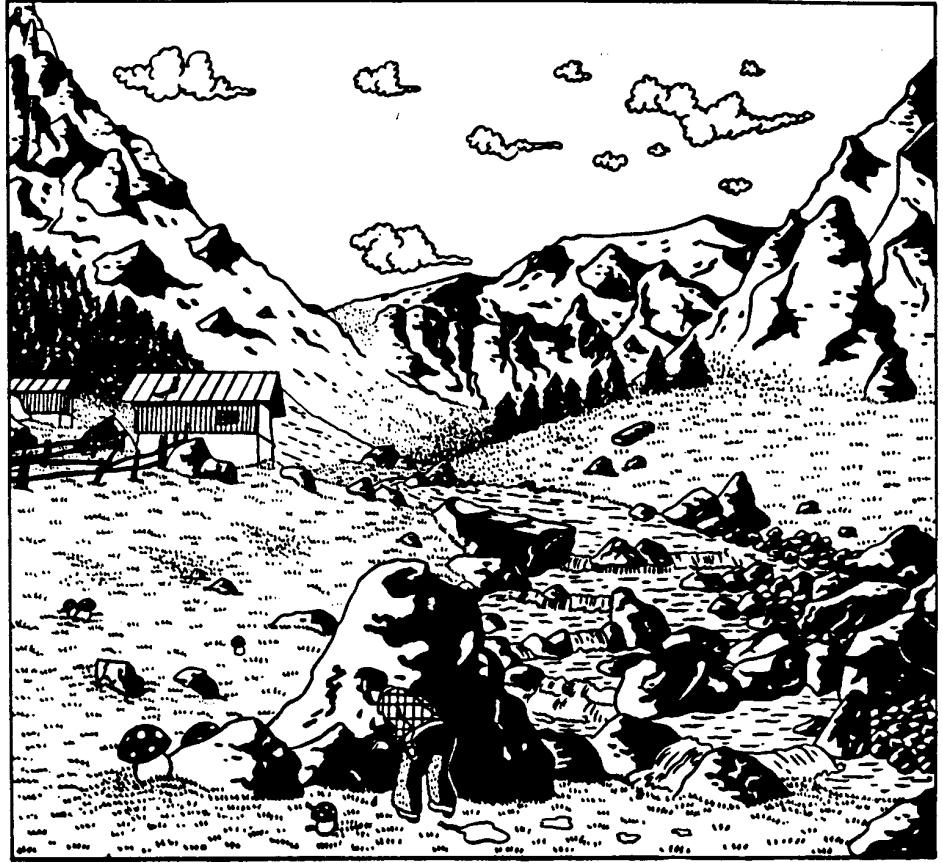
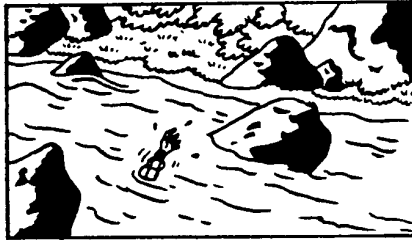
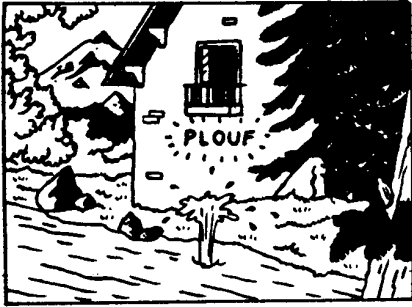


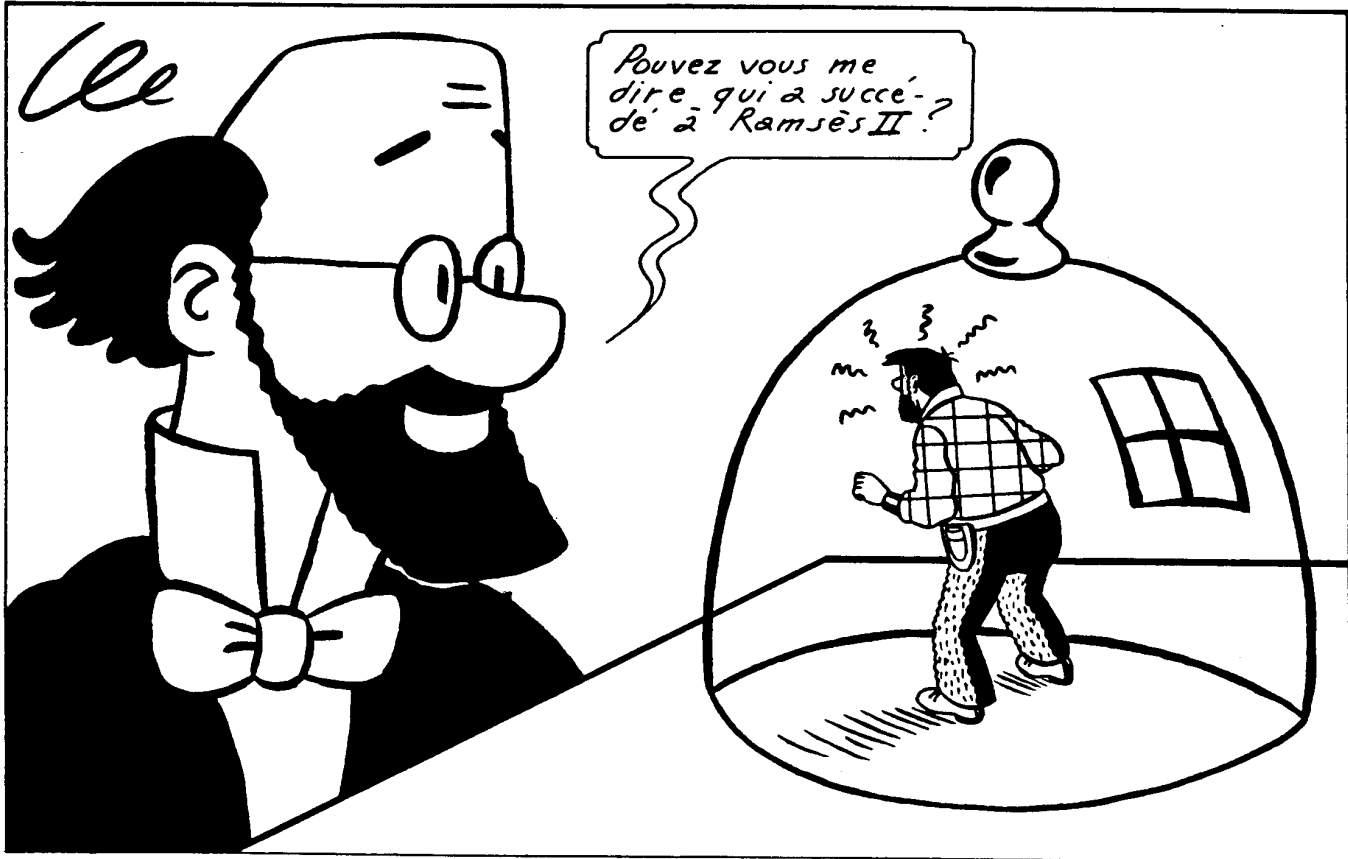
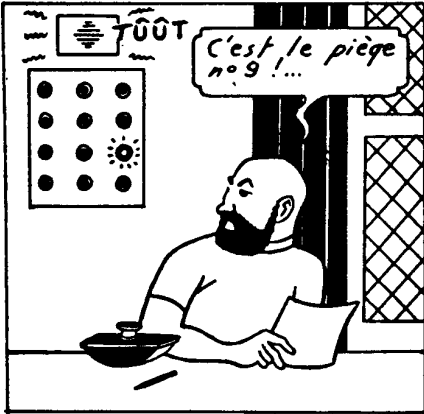




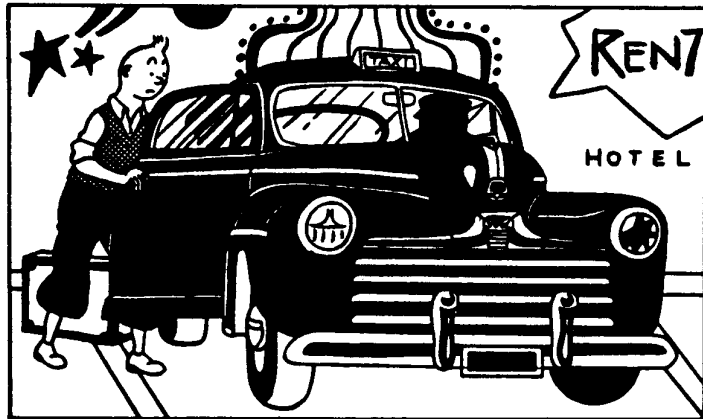
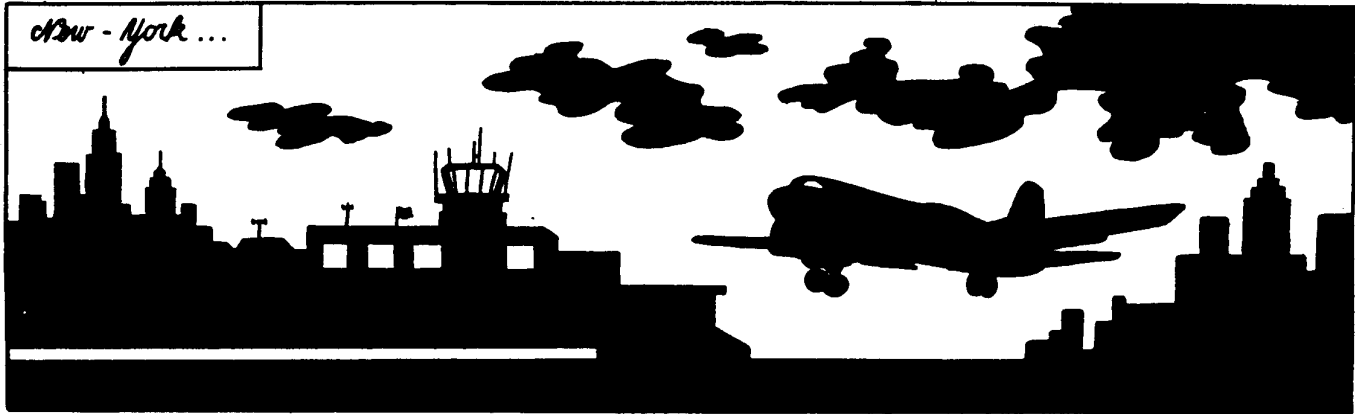








New - York ...



... Au "Zwarte Piet",  
Manhattan! ... Ça doit  
être un café belge!



Le "Zwarte Piet" à Man-  
hattan, Please!

Yes, Sir!

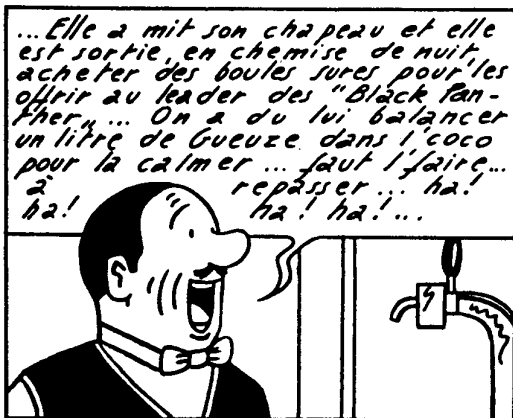


abu Zwarte Piet ...

... Ha! ha! ... Comme disais  
mon oncle Anatole, un  
gars de Drogenbos (Bel-  
gium) ... C'est plus fort  
que midable! Ha! ha! ...



Ça m'rapelle une histoire de ce bon vieux  
Johnny Butterfly, un gars de l'Ohio (United  
States) ... Il avait donné de l'acide à sa  
vieille tante qui avait la grippe! ...  
c'était à s'tâper sur les cuisses ...



... Elle a mit son chapeau et elle  
est sortie, en chemise de nuit,  
acheter des boules surs pour les  
offrir au leader des "Black Pan-  
ther" ... On a du lui balancer  
un litre de Gueuze dans l'coco  
pour la calmer ... faut l'faire ...  
à repasser ... ha!  
ha! ha! ...



... Ha! ha! ha! ... Attends  
j'ai un client!



Ça va ... porisateur? ... Qu'est  
c'que j'te sers ... feuil!

Une Pils!



